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The Bystander, January 3, 1923 No. 996. Vol. LXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND

Widow of the late Marquess Townshend who died last year. She is well-known as a talented poetess and playwright; her newest play, "Stairs," was recently produced by the Interlude Players

First or Second Sight?

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

LET'S START THE YEAR BY HAVING HIS EYESIGHT PROPERLY TESTED

"All the World's a Stage."

Good Resolutions

Most of our stock jokes are founded on fact, though we are apt to forget that they have a serious side to them. We laugh at mothers-in-law and lodgers, without really realising why these bearded japes persist in the way they do. The reason is obvious. Mothers-in-law *are* a nuisance, and lodgers *do* make trouble in the home.

Poking Fun at Failure

So with that hardy annual, the Good Resolution joke. Did you ever make a good resolution on New Year's Day? Probably not, but there are optimists who do so, and their numbers are sufficient to justify the joke — though why it should be considered funny to shed our bad habits I could never, for the life of me, understand. I suppose the humour of the situation lies in the fact that we fail to shed our bad habits and that the last state of us is worse than the first.

A Poor Joke

Personally, although I never make good resolutions, I cannot find it in my heart to laugh at them. Properly considered, a good resolution is a very serious thing, and failure to keep them is in the nature of a tragedy rather than a farce. When the Pilgrim struggled in his Slough of Despond he was in the position of the man who decided to knock off ten cigarettes a day. We don't laugh at the Pilgrim—then why should we laugh at the poor devil who is qualifying for smoker's heart? The Good Resolution joke is a poor joke. Let us have done with it.

A Fresh Start

When we stop laughing at good resolutions we shall start making—and keeping—them. Why do you suppose the calendar is divided up into water-tight compartments if it isn't to give us the opportunity to make a fresh start? Suppose our lifetime consisted of one long day, with no next morning and no First of January—how stale and wretched we should be. What a wonderful morality play might be founded upon a life lived without the beneficent influence of the calendar. Years ago, a mediocre author stampeded us with a mediocre book, *When It Was Dark*. Picture, if you can, an eternity lasting from sunrise to sunset, and knowing no New Year's Day! What a story that would make!

Last of the Clowns

The theatres are reaping their usual golden harvest during this holiday season, and if the pantomimes are on their last legs, as we have been told, they can still give some healthy kicks. National institutions die hard, but there is little doubt that pantomime is really on the wane. Nowadays, the good old stories go for nothing at all, and any touring revue might be substituted for *Dick Whittington*, without anybody being any the wiser. The strength of pantomime lay in the sincerity with which the story was told, and the revue boom dealt it a mortal blow, more's the pity. Nobody believes in *Robinson Crusoe* any more,

(Continued on page 7)

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Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.

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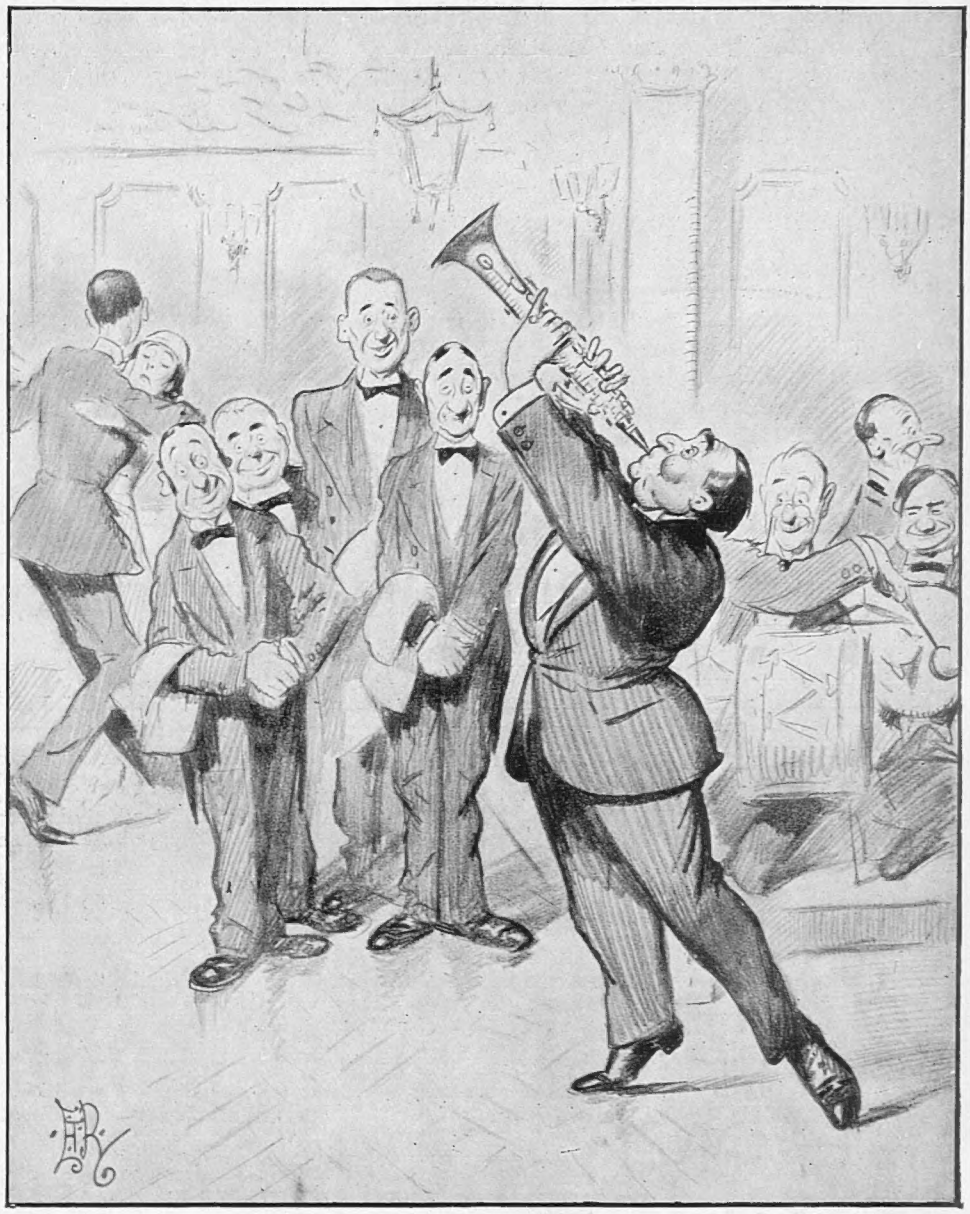
and Whimsical Walker will be the last of the Clowns.

A Royal Object Lesson

WHAT is the matter with modern theatre-goers? Before the War, occupants of the stalls dressed carefully and behaved decently. Nowadays, they could learn manners from an East End choir-outing. Usually they arrive late, force their way in with the maximum amount of noise, and talk right through the show. They fail to realise that they are under any sort of obligation to the rest of the audience, and, curiously enough, professionals, indulging in a busman's holiday, are the worst offenders of all. It was with no little satisfaction that I noticed the attitude of two members of the Royal Family at the Gaiety the other evening. They were about to be shown to their stalls when they noticed that José Collins was singing her first song, and they insisted on waiting until she had finished. What an object lesson!



By E. T. Reed

ORPHEUS AND HIS VERY MODERN LUTE

Orpheus, it is said, possessed the power of moving the inanimate. Perhaps, in these cabaret days, even the waiters at our syncopated "dinners"—but, hush! They are listening to the music!

Tales out of School

NOW that the young people have been home for a fortnight, parents are beginning to feel their way through the fog that surrounds life as it is lived in our schools. Boys are terribly reticent about their doings during those mysterious thirteen weeks, and it is almost impossible to get them to tell any sort of tales out of school. The only certain fact that emerges from the aforesaid fog, is that school days are happier days than they were in our days. Already, they are beginning to speculate about the new boys, and they will be quite ready to go back when the time comes. What is the secret of this new attitude? Perhaps some older pedagogue with experience of both periods will make us wise.

In Search of Festivity

I AM one of those cast-iron patriots who believe that England is a great country and that the English are a great people. We *are* a great people, but we have a lot to learn in the matter of enjoying ourselves, and so, when the festive season is about, most of the festive souls who want to finish the year in merry mood are forced to fly their country and seek festivity upon foreign soil. All very wrong, of course, but such things will continue so long as our rulers insist that Mr. Stiggins and not St. George is the patron saint of these islands.

I Go To Brussels

FEELING unusually festive this year-end, I did a sudden pier-head jump at Dover, and landed up in Brussels six hours later. Why Brussels? Possibly because I hadn't been in Brussels since

Christmas, 1918, and four years is a long time in these dull days. On that occasion, I travelled overland from Charleroi, where conditions were still hectic, and returned with the Divisional car heavily laden with costumes for the pantomime of *Dick Whittington* at the Nouveau Théâtre. I had often wondered if the costumes were ever returned. The fact that they were playing *Carmen* in the Place de la Monnaie set my mind at rest on this point.

With the Students

THERE was nothing dull about Brussels this holiday season. For one thing, the students were on the war-path, registering noisy protests against the teaching of Flemish in the University of Ghent. I like the students of Brussels—there is a deal more method in their madness than you will find in the madness of their British equivalent. They poured into the Palace café; their leader stood on a table and stated their case; everybody sang a special song written for the occasion—and they were gone as quickly as they had come. It was a model little demonstration, carefully staged, admirably executed, and likely, one imagines, to bear the desired fruit.

Ta Bouche

ON the following evening, I went to see that greatly discussed play, *Ta Bouche* at the Gaiété. This merry musical, mystery play is supplying all the dancing halls with their best tunes, and the only mystery about it is why some manager hasn't bought it for London. Every time it is mentioned, someone—usually a someone who hasn't seen it—says: "My *dear* fellow, it's *impossible!*" He then proceeds to give you an entirely misleading *résumé* of the plot, and leaves you with the impression that you are the possessor of a mind that is as unsavoury as the sink of a chemical laboratory. And all because you asked *why* "it couldn't be done." If we have no librettist capable of preparing *Ta Bouche* for the West End stage, then we should go out of the theatre business.

A. E. BESTALL

A HIGH ACTION

NERVOUS PIERROT (*just introduced*): "I say, I—I've only been learning dancin' a fortnight, so you will forgive me if I step on your frock or anything—won't you?"

Père Camille

MY New Year's dinner was eaten with Père Camille. You don't know Père Camille! Ah, but you should. He lives in one of the smaller streets off the Rue Royale, and he keeps open house for his patrons—mostly young English folk who, through necessity or inclination, are resident in the Belgian capital. Père Camille was eighty-one last birthday, and his wife is—well, never mind how old she is! She does all the cooking, while Père Camille does all the talking, and when he sings—as he did sing—she leads the applause from the kitchen. I hope I may live to be eighty, and that when I sing my wife will lead the applause. She doesn't at present!

The Man and his Motto

YOU will have gathered that Père Camille keeps the sort of small restaurant that is never met with in England. Just at present he is very angry with the Belgian Government because they wouldn't let him put rum in his Christmas puddings. Licensing restrictions that interfere with good cooking are not likely to find much favour with a man whose motto is: "When you have eaten well and lived well, that is another good day well passed." Personally, I think that those people who spoiled Père Camille's Christmas puddings for the first time in eighty years, must be lacking in a sense of humour—and I greatly doubt if Brussels is a better city in consequence.

Cubbing—After Baden-Powell

CONTINUING his series of illustrated articles in *The Graphic* on the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movement, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Bart., takes as his subject the Wolf Cubs, and relates some interesting facts regarding their organisation. The groups of six into which packs are divided used to have for leaders Scouts of about fourteen years. The Cubs, however, have amply proved that they can be trusted in the position, and the leaders are now appointed from among themselves. As regards Cub-masters, here oil was struck in a double direction. It was found that women make the best officers for these junior boys, and lady Cub-masters are now usual. The second bit of oil was the discovery that the office of Cub-master is being taken up by Rovers—the senior branch of the Scouts, whose motto is "Service."

Sun and Snow in Switzerland—Are You There?

ON THE BELVEDERE RINK AT DAVOS

Maurice (centre), whose exhibition dancing in London ball-rooms is still fresh in our memories, in a new rôle. With him are Professor Oxburgh, the British professional skater, and Monsieur Shangler, the Swiss champion speed skater

A GRACEFUL PIROUETTE

Mrs. Lilian Beatty, wife of Colonel Beatty, R.A.F. on the rink at St. Moritz

AT DAVOS

Captain Dick Wyndham's party at Schatzalp. Included in the party are: Lord Lathom and his sister, Lady Barbara Seymour, the Countess of Villary, Major and Mrs. Kendle, Miss Perry, Mr. Headcock, Captain and Mrs. van der Vourtvan Zyp and Maurice, the dancer

Bystander Exclusive Photographs

A CURLING MATCH AT ST. MORITZ

Our photograph shows (left to right): Lt.-Col. R. Hawkes, Major P. B. Lindsell the President of St. Moritz Curling Club, Mr. M. Graham, Mr. F. Kirton, Mr. Ralph Levy, Sir Henry Hill, Bt. the ex-Governor of the Sudan provinces of Berber and Bahr El Gazal, "Skeets" Martin the famous jockey, and Monsieur Bucker

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Topical*

BOXING DAY WITH THE WEST NORFOLK

The Prince of Wales left Sandringham on Boxing Day to attend a meet of the West Norfolk at Cokesford House, Tittleshall, the residence of Major H. G. Buxton. H.R.H. is here seen talking to Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Seymour, the M.F.H.

Christmas with a Difference

THE pessimists can growl as much as they choose, but it has been a jolly, a gay Christmas, literally the nearest approach to what the papers call "pre-war conditions," since we all pretended it was Christmas on those recurring 25ths of December, when so many of us looked at the stars twinkling above the trenches, or tried to keep the snow out of a Nissen hut with an Army blanket; when there was unaccustomed whisky in the sergeants' messes, and the people at home were trying to make Christmas puddings with margarine.

But there has been one difference between the now-today and the pre-war Christmas. There have not been nearly so many parties in country houses.

The great houses, such as Belvoir, Welbeck, Chatsworth, and Wynyard, have gathered their sons and daughters, their friends and their in-laws about them, but in dozens of the smaller country houses the old Christmas gatherings have ended because those houses have passed into the hands of strangers, or are standing empty waiting for the fall of the auctioneer's hammer.

But Christmas in London never was gayer, and I doubt if ever before so many people have eaten their Christmas dinner at restaurants. Late-comers, who made up their minds at the ninth, tenth, or eleventh hour to dine *en ville*, found every table filled at Claridge's, at the Berkeley, the Ritz, Carlton, and Savoy. I heard of one couple who wandered from restaurant to restaurant, dinnerless and rejected, until a kindly couple at Prince's made room for them at their table. I'm sure that kindly couple had been reading their Dickens.

Photograph *Central News*

"THE NOT-FORGOTTEN"

The Prince of Wales on Christmas Day distributed cakes sent by Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, to 800 ex-Service men who were entertained at the Riding School, Buckingham Palace, by the "Not-Forgotten" Association

Photograph *P. and A.*

WITH THE WEST NORFOLK

The Duke of York at Cokesford House. Prince Henry also hunted with the West Norfolk on Boxing day. Besides the three Royal Princes, the field included the Earl of Airlie, and Colonel Clive Wigram who, with Major Reginald Seymour, attended the Prince of Wales. A good day's sport yielded two fine kills

"The Country Gentleman"

SPEAKING of the party-less smaller country houses I commend an article by Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, the Member for Wood Green, and brother of the intrepid Oliver Locker-Lampson, likewise an M.P., in the *Cornhill* for this month, to your attention. It is called "The Country Gentleman."

Mr. Locker-Lampson says what everybody who knows the country thinks and knows to be true, "The country gentleman, as we know him, will soon be a thing of the past, a reminiscence, a tradition, and then, perhaps, a figure forgotten altogether. For good or evil his doom is sealed."

Taxes have given the country gentleman the *coup de grâce*. They have left him no margin for upkeep of his house, for his old hospitality, for his old kindnesses to his tenants and poor neighbours. Everyone will agree with Mr. Locker-Lampson when he says, "The Great War has been as fatal to them (the country squires) as the Wars of the Roses to the nobles of the fifteenth century."

And if you want to know why so many of the smaller country-houses

have been "full of emptiness" this Christmas, or tenanted by new owners to whom the old order of things with its traditions and high sense of responsibility is a book closed with many seals, Mr. Locker-Lampson gives you the reason — "He has parted with his land, bit by bit, then his horses and pictures, or his wife's jewels, and has let his house to strangers for a term of years, and, finally, sold it, and is now to be found modestly transplanted either in town or country, and putting as good a face upon the matter as he can."

The Newcomers

So much for the country gentleman. But what of the tenants, many of them, perhaps, like himself, descendants of old-time occupiers? There are no ties of mutual interests, mutual consideration and kindnesses, carried on from father to son, between them and the new owners of "the Hall." In many cases the tenants suffer because the old landlord is forced to sell.

I know of one case where cottages which were rented at 1*s.* 9*d.* a week, under the old order, were raised to 5*s.* 6*d.* immediately after the purchase of an estate by a wealthy manufacturer.

I know that estate, and I know the cottages, and what the increase of rent has meant to the people who have occupied them for years, and I hope sincerely that this particular peerage will be one of those enquired into by the Royal Commission on the Sale of Honours.

I hope this doesn't sound spiteful. Really, it is righteous indignation, because it is landlords such as this who start discontent in country districts.

Concerning Dukes

Obviously we are by no manner of means at the end of the Lausanne Conference, but already folks are beginning to talk of honours to be conferred on Lord Curzon for his service to the country there, and for his historic saving of the situation with France.

Nothing less than a dukedom seems to be possible to most of the would-be donors of recognition, but I think such prophets will be found to be mistaken.

Photograph *Topical*

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieut. G. E. P. How, R.N. and Miss Cicely Monckton leaving St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, after the ceremony

Photograph *Lafayette*

THE HON. JANET MACLAY

The younger daughter of Lord Maclay and Lady Maclay, whose engagement to Mr. John Hampden Inskip was recently made public. Lord Maclay, whose elevation to the peerage was announced in the last Dissolution Honours List, held the post of Shipping Controller from 1916 to 1921. Mr. Inskip is a brother of the Suffragan Bishop of Barking and of Sir Thomas Inskip, the Solicitor-General

When the King abolished all foreign titles in the Royal Family, and took the name of Windsor—which was borne by Edward III—for the members of the Royal House, it was said, and I believe on the highest authority, that the ancient custom of dukedoms being reserved for the Monarch's sons alone, would be restored.

Until the reign of Edward III the only Dukes in England were the kings from William the Conqueror

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS FLAVIA FORBES

The second daughter of Lieut-Col. James Stewart Forbes and of Lady Angela Forbes, whose engagement to Mr. Lionel Frederick Heald, of Rignalls, Great Missenden, Bucks., was announced last week

onwards. They were all Dukes of Normandy. But when Edward III claimed the crown of France, and styled himself King of that country—which every succeeding monarch did until the reign of George IV—he considered that his ducal title of Normandy was merged in the Royal title of France, and made his sons Dukes, beginning with the eldest, the Black Prince, whom he made Duke of Cornwall, a title that has gone to the heir to the throne ever since.

In the reign of Elizabeth the lines of Royal dukes had become extinct, and the headsman's axe had ended the dukedoms conferred on non-Royal subjects. She created no dukedoms. James I created only one in England—the Dukedom of Buckingham. Charles I also created only one—and that in Scotland, the Dukedom of Hamilton.

When Charles II was restored to the throne there were only three dukedoms in England and Scotland—Buckingham, Richmond, and Hamilton. He showered the title, especially on his illegitimate sons. The Georges were equally lavish, but with Queen Victoria there came a change. She created only three dukedoms outside her family—Abercorn, Westminster, and Fife. Neither King Edward nor King George have added to the number of those who may wear strawberry leaves in their coronets, and it is extremely doubtful if the title

will ever again be conferred upon anyone below the rank of a king's son.

Speaking of dukedoms, Bexhill owes its existence to the late Lord De La Warr's desire to be given the extinct dukedom in his family, that of Dorset. He was told, or believed, that Queen Victoria would not make anyone a duke unless he had a certain income of £30,000 a year. With the hope of attaining this revenue Lord De La Warr "developed" his property at Bexhill. I don't know whether he gained the return he desired, but he died Earl De La Warr.

CHEERIO, WINTER!
Miss Whitaker, the famous American skater, making a graceful obeisance to King Winter

A Descendant of William IV

THE death of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley rouses fears as to the future of Penshurst Place, the historic home of the Sidneys in Kent. He is succeeded by his brother, Colonel Algernon Sidney, who is sixty eight and unmarried. The next heir is the Hon. William Sidney, one time Mayor of Chelsea, who is married and has a boy of thirteen.

One doesn't want to be ghoulish, but human possibilities are human possibilities, and two successive imposts of death duties may sweep one of the most beautiful houses in England out of the hands of a family who have guarded and treasured it—sometimes at great sacrifice—as an historical monument for generations. Lord De L'Isle was a descendant of William IV, his grandmother being a daughter of the Earl of Munster, the eldest son of the *liaison* between that monarch and Mrs. Jordan. On the male side he was descended directly from Sir Henry and Lady Mary Sidney, the builders of Penshurst as it is to-day, and the parents of Sir Philip Sidney. He married a sister of the late Lord Gort and aunt of the present Viscount.

Lady De L'Isle has unerring taste and deep historical knowledge. Under her guidance the interior of Penshurst Place has been restored to what it was when Philip Sidney played in its great hall and galleries.

Lord De L'Isle had another property in Yorkshire, Ingleby Manor, which he inherited from his mother.

Does Rumour Lie?

IF rumour is to be believed, the Labour Party is receiving a goodly proportion of its "funds" from the wife of an immensely rich man of affairs who was raised from a barony to a viscounty during the War.

Perhaps it isn't true, but, if it is, seeing that the vast fortune comes from labour, the lady may feel that it is a matter of *noblesse oblige*.

The Marchioness Townshend

THE Marchioness Townshend is the widow of the late Marquis, the sixth of his line, who died two years ago, and the mother of the present peer, a boy of six. The Townshend family goes back in a direct line to the reign of Edward IV. First they were made baronets; then in 1661 viscounts for the services of the then Sir Horatio Townshend in restoring Charles II to the throne. A hundred years later the marquisate was created.

Lady Townshend, who was the daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Sutherst, was married in 1905. She is a poet of considerable charm, a devotee of the theatre, and a playwright.

LADY MERCY GREVILLE
Younger daughter of the Earl of Warwick, tobogganing at St. Moritz

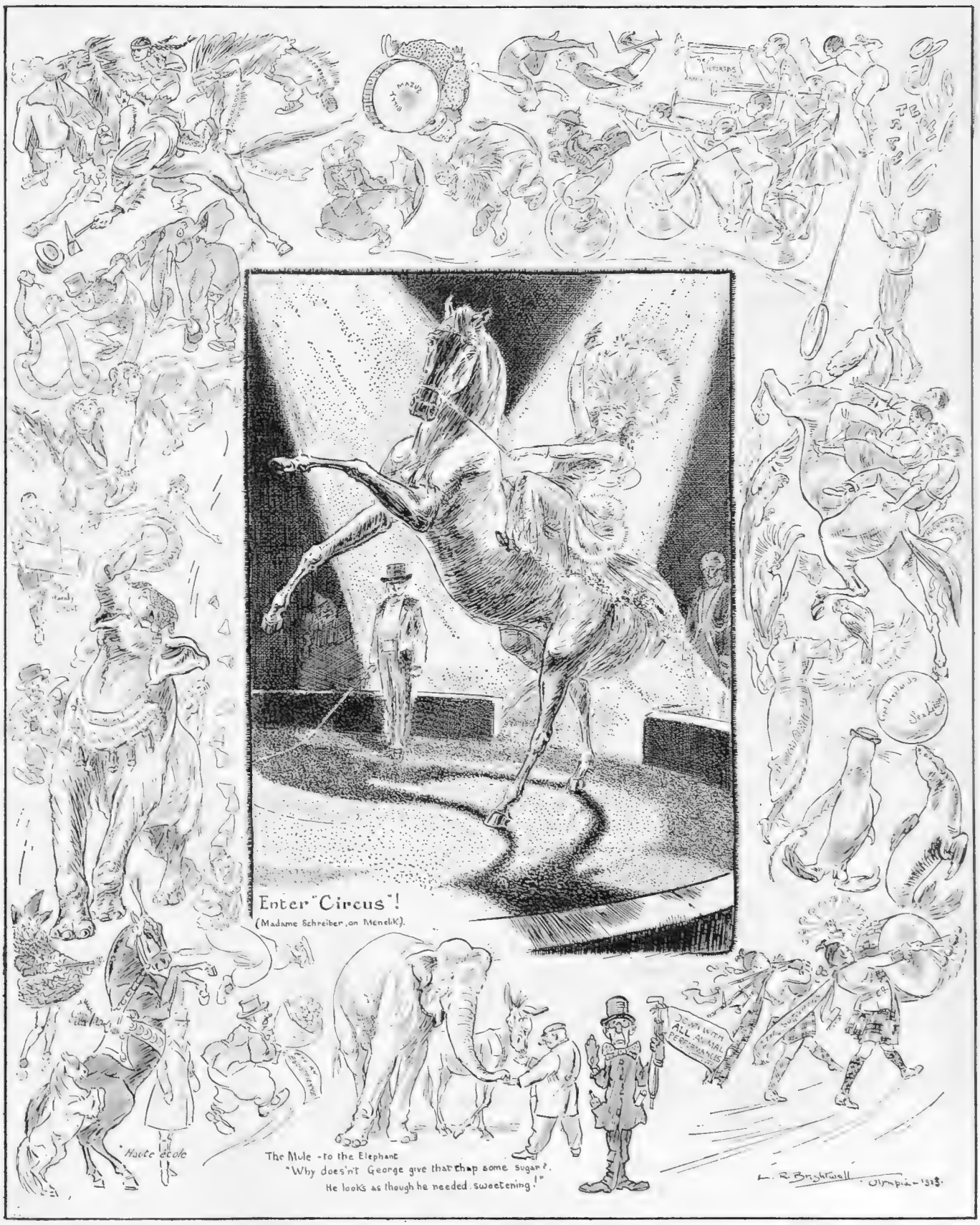
Once upon a time the Townshend family owned Balls Park, in Hertfordshire, the property of the late Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Bt., who died last week.

Photographs] SKI-ING AT ST. MORITZ *[Topical*
Two visitors from the U.S.A., Mrs. Brandt, of New York, and Mr. Howard Vise, of Cleveland, Ohio

"Better-Class Houses"

What is a better-class house? And what is the present-day significance of that ephemeral social attribute, "a good address"? After all, like everything else in a man-made world, it is purely relative. Mayfair is a realm of fairy wonder to Hackney Wick, while the purlieus of Putney must hold veritable palaces for the denison of Pentonville. According to *Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide* (price 7*s.* 6*d.*) a better class house is "in an area bounded by Hampstead, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames (wherever that may be), Bloomsbury and West Kensington." And that's that! A new feature of the 1923 edition of special interest to BYSTANDER readers is a "Theatre Supplement" containing seating plans of all the London theatres.

All the Fun of the Fayre



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

THE CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA

Yet another Christmas "Annual"—and one that is ever welcome to young and old. And if the great-uncles and grandfathers impair their digestions on the switchbacks and swings, they reap, in the harvest of youthful laughter from the "home-from-schools," something that even a Simian gland extract cannot give. With Red Injuns an' ellifints, and hair-raising cycling exscapes—an' some more ellifints—an' lovely ladies in tights and tinsel on *such* clever horses—an' some more ellifints—not to mention that Queen of Equestriennes, Madame Schreiber and Whimsical Walker the young-old lown of 72 summers—no wonder the old become young, and the young—well—enthusiastically *young*, at the International Circus and Christmas Fair

LONDON CLUB TYPES

BY "ANTHONY" *Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN*

No. IV.—"The Parnassus"

THE Parnassus is my own Club. I got elected to it by mistake. I have got a namesake who is a distinguished novelist, and they mixed us up.

You have got to have done something to get into the Parnassus; written a book, or painted a picture, or owned the winner of the Derby. There are actors, and lawyers and doctors, and soldiers and sailors, but not (at present) any cinema stars.

George Henry discovered I was a member, and pestered me to invite him to lunch. Lunch is a great meal at the Parnassus; everybody sits next to everybody else, and everybody talks, and the intelligent listener may hear experts give opinions on any topics of the day.

I did not in the least want to take George Henry to the Parnassus, as his intellectual powers are below normal when the conversation gets away from horses—the only subject he knows anything about. However, when George heard Mungay Luther was a member, nothing would stop him. He had been to see *The Brick* ten times. *The Brick* is the detective play in which Mungay Luther created his famous part of the sleuth. I told George that off the stage Mungay was a very ordinary sort of fellow, but he simply would not believe me.

The day George Henry came happened to be a pretty full one. Mungay Luther was there, and Judge Parsons, and Sir Thomas Osprey. Sir Thomas is one of the oldest members of the Club, and the greatest living authority on insects. He was sitting at the head of the table, and George Henry and I went up to his end. I hadn't told George who everybody was, not having time, but I thought he would have the sense to guess.

A new form of double-headed ant, which had just been discovered in South America, was creating some interest in the Press, and a question having been put to Sir Thomas, he was discoursing on ants in general, telling us about a species of builder ant which he was studying in his laboratory. What he said was really most interesting, and when he paused to sip his barley water, we all waited breathless for him to continue. At this moment George Henry butted in.

"Talking about bugs," he begun, "have any of you fellows heard the story of the chorus girl, the feather bed, and the flea?"

I couldn't possibly repeat George's story, but he told it in a silence that you could have heard a pin drop. Sir Thomas did not continue his discourse on ants.

Just opposite George was a rather severe-looking person, close lipped, and heavy jowled, whom George made up his mind must be one of the legal lights he had heard me speak about. And next this individual again was a man with longish hair and dark dreamy eyes. George hadn't been ten times to *The Brick* for nothing; he knew that long-haired fellow at once.

The long-haired man and legal-looking chap were having a talk about golf. This George took an early opportunity to interrupt.

"I came to see you on Monday," he said to the long-haired one. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed myself."

The other pushed back his hair with a slightly dramatic gesture, and looked at him with his wonderful eyes.

"Oh, you were able to get in, were you?"

"Luckily. I wouldn't have missed your performance for anything."

"Ha!" chortles the legal-looking man.

"Yes, I was simply thrilled during your speech about crime—"

I whispered hoarsely in George's ear: "You are talking to Judge Parsons, who is trying Raikes the murderer; he'll probably sentence him to-morrow."

"Great Scot," said George, "I thought it was Mungay Luther."

The legal-looking man, who was the real Mungay Luther, overheard the remark, and laughed heartily.

He said to me afterwards: "That's an amusing fellow, that friend of yours. You ought to put him up for the club."

NEXT WEEK

No. V.

"A COCKTAIL AT HIND'S"

A Correction

In our issue of December 20th we regret that by an unfortunate mistake the double page drawing in colour, "Pierrot Deçu," was reproduced as being the work of M. Jean Hardy. The picture was by another artist, M. Guy. We offer our sincere apologies for any annoyance that the error may have caused.

Popular Christmas Tunes Illustrated

IF WINTER COMES

Words by REGINALD ARKELL

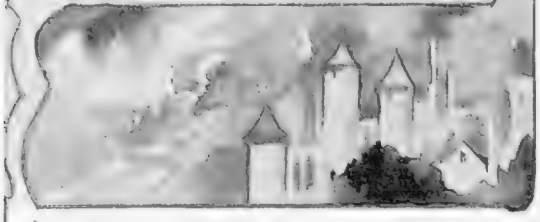
Music by HM TENNENT

If winter comes and all your skies are grey,
Though gloomy shadows fall across your way,
Don't sit and dream of the days gone by,
When life was young and hope was high.
If winter comes with bitter hail and snow,
And there is frost on the pane;
Then just trudge along with a smile and a song,
Summer will come again.

The LAND of MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

Words by EDWARD MOORE

Music by IVOR NOVELLO



We shall never find that lovely land of Might-Have-Been.
You can never be my King nor I can be your Queen;
Days may pass and years may pass, and seas may lie between
We shall never find that lovely land of Might-Have-Been.

DECORATION BY CHARLES ROBINSON

Popular Christmas Tunes Illustrated

LIFE'S ROADWAY

Words by BERTE ADAMS

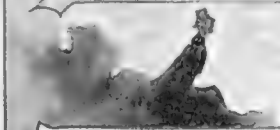
Music by H. EMMETT ADAMS

Don't grieve for yesterday,
It fades into the past,
Though the sky is dreary,
It turns to gold at last
Daylight is dawning;
Your goal is nearly won:
Turn on life's roadway,
And face the morning
sun.

EILEEN ADAIR

Words by H. LEMOINE

Music by H. BEST



Come back when you've time
to spare,
Eileen Adair, Eileen Adair
You've taken all the sunshine
with you there,
Shure here's a chance for
you fisthore.
Bring us back a little
more
You're the one rose that
went in a day,
Never one grows now you've
gone away,
If somewhere you can
hear a little pray'r
Then answer me,
Eileen Adair

DECORATION BY CHARLES ROBINSON

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By
A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WHEN *we* go down at Bridge it is hard luck. But when our partners go down it is bad play or bad calling.

. . . . .

The faults to which we are most prone are just those we cannot tolerate in others.

. . . . .

He was very slow and very bad. The longer he thought, the worse he played.

"*For Heaven's sake make your mistakes quickly,*" said his partner, petulantly.

. . . . .

"Taking out" causes more trouble at Bridge than any other point of play.

"Why did you take me out, partner? If you had left me alone we should have got our contract." One hears that every day.

Some "take out" from strength, some from weakness. Others "take out" from stupidity or fright. Many do it from selfishness.

. . . . .

The principles of the "take out" are not difficult. Give your partner credit for knowing what he is doing—unless he is quite hopeless.

Don't take your partner from his major suit bid into another suit, unless you have only one or none of his.

Don't do it even then unless you have reason to suppose your suit is better than his.

Don't take out from a major into a minor suit unless your hand is certain to be of no use to your partner in his call.

. . . . .

The weak take-out at no trumps should be a suit of six headed by the ten or better.

Don't take out on a five suit unless you have three honours—King, Queen, Jack or Queen, Jack, Ten.

Don't take out from strength if your hand is likely to be helpful at no trumps, except when you hold four or five honours of a major suit.

Don't take your partner out of a double into another suit unless you have a really good suit and no support in his.

Don't take out your partner to *take him in.*

. . . . .

The so-called "rescue" is often a mistake.

It is like a non-swimmer trying to save a drowning man. If your partner seems to you to be in deep waters, don't plunge in unless you are confident of your ability to rescue. You may do more harm than good.

The road to Hell at Bridge is paved with good intentions.

. . . .

It is often a case of "Save me from my friends."

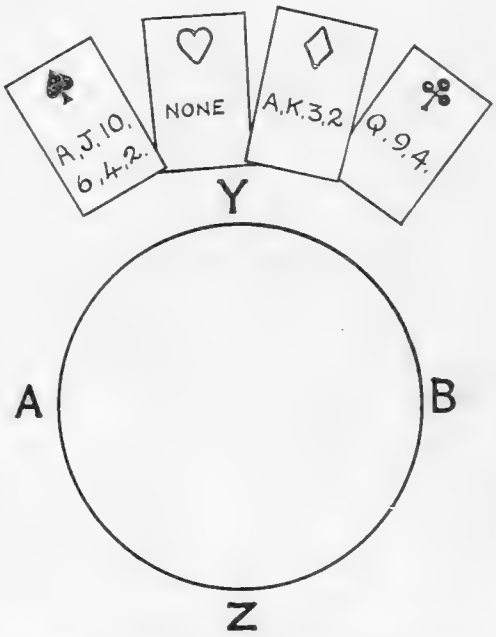
"At Bridge," said the cynic, "I often have three opponents, and the most formidable is generally my own partner."

. . . . .

On the other hand it is as bad not to "rescue" when you can as to try to do so when you can't.

It is fatal to try to rescue on a suit of six to the Queen or Jack. Your partner may be short or bare of it. But when you have an undisclosed good suit and no support in your partner's, you should try a "life-saver" if he has been doubled.

. . . . .



A SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S QUERY.

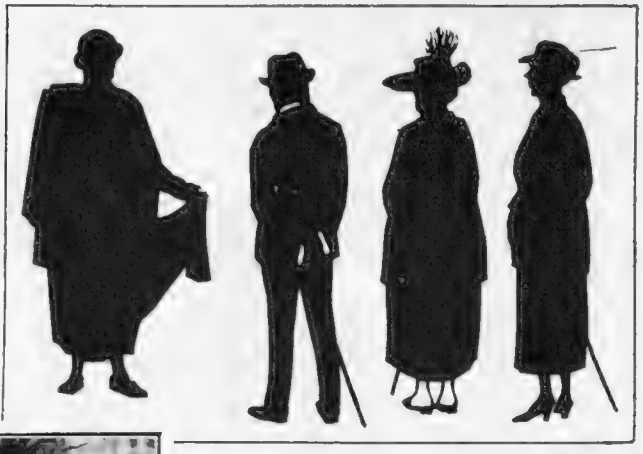
The answer to last week's query is that:

Y should say "No." Although he had no hearts, he had support for his partner in the other suits. It would be wrong for him to bid "three spades." His hand was more likely to be useful to his partner than his partner's hand was likely to be useful to him.

Bystander Bridge Competition

NEXT week I shall start a Prize Competition to last six weeks. It will be conducted on *actual play* lines. That is to say, I shall not give any double dummy problems or abstruse hands worked out to puzzle readers. The hands given will be from actual play, either seen by myself or given to me by players. If any readers care to send in to me cases of problem hands, either in play or calling, which have occurred to them or in their presence, I shall be glad to make use of them in this or in some future competition. But I want only actualities.

The Riviera Week by Week



SILHOUETTES

A FEW days before Christmas a sudden and heavy rain put a temporary end to all outdoor sports on the Riviera, and interfered sadly with the shopping expeditions which are always a feature of the season. The Casinos and hotel restaurants, however, were all the more festive in consequence, while the secretaries of the golf links at Gagnes, Mandelieu, Valescure and elsewhere were delighted to see the grass glistening once more after a drought of more than two months.

At Mandelieu the 18 holes have been open since the middle of the month, and on an average sixty players are out daily. Among the most regular are the Grand Duke Cyril, Lord Wester Wemyss, the Captain of the club, Sir Alan Johnstone, Mrs. Ogden, Sir Henry Ledgard, Mr. and Mrs. Talmage and General Sir Arthur Paget. The club luncheon is one of the nicest meals in the district, and more attractive surroundings would be hard to find.

LADY ROTHERMERE has gone to the Carlton at Cannes, while Lord Rothermere has returned to London for a few weeks. He will be back at the Villa Dragonnière at Cap Martin towards the end of January for the remainder of the winter.

Lord and Lady Gladstone are staying at Nice as the guests of Baron de Bellet, the popular president of the Cagnes Golf Club.

Another notable statesman who has just arrived is Sir James Craig, who is staying at Menton with Lady Craig. On the same train was the French ex-Minister, M. René Viviani and his wife.

SIR CECIL and Lady Tyrell Beck, who spent their honeymoon at Cannes nearly a year ago, are paying another visit to the town. General Sir W. P. Pulteney is another recent arrival, General Sir C. Kavanagh has joined Lady Kavanagh and their daughter at the Westminster Hotel, and Major-General Lord Cheylesmore and Lady Cheylesmore are back in their fine Villa Saint-Priest, on the Californie Hill overlooking the town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bingham are staying at the famous Château Saint-Michel until the beginning of February, when its owners, the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, will arrive. The home of the late Duchess of Albany, the Villa Nevada, is now tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrington-White, from Reigate.

Photograph *Le Noir*

IN A TERRACED GARDEN

The Marchesa del Sera, formerly Miss Pell of Boston U.S.A., at Cannes, where she is staying after spending the summer in the Savoie district

SEVERAL of London's stage favourites are taking a holiday on the Côte d'Azur this Christmas. Mr. Maurice Moscovitch is resting at Monte Carlo until the beginning of January, when he returns to London to commence rehearsals of his new play. Mr. Owen Nares—announced in a local journal as M. Alven Wares!—is at the Hotel Beau-Site at Cannes, while Miss Faith Celli, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, and Miss Eva Killick are staying at Beaulieu.

THE late Countess of Essex, who was one of the most popular of all residents on the Riviera, had taken a great pride in her new home, Lou Mas at Cap Ferrat. She had a *flair* for finding old furniture, and was often to be seen hunting among the quieter antique shops of small towns like Antibes and Grasse for treasures. The house has now been rented by Lady Cynthia Moseley, Lord Curzon's daughter.

Princess Hatzfeldt (*née* Huntington), after spending the summer in England, has arrived in Menton for the winter season.

Field-Marshal Viscount Ypres has arrived at Cannes, and will be, as last year, the guest of Lady Wavertree at the Villa Edelweiss for some time.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in spite of many reports to the contrary, returned to Cannes in time to spend Christmas with his wife and children, while among other visitors who arrived during the week-end were Mr. Myron Herrick, the American Ambassador in Paris, and his wife. The Rt. Hon. Ian and Mrs. Macpherson are staying at the Carlton.

MAITRE JEHIN'S Wednesday classical concerts are giving joy to full houses of the most distinguished visitors on the coast, and the

Bystander Exclusive Photograph

SERVICE!

Miss Edna Samuel practising on the La Festa courts—where grapes grow on the back line!

BY OAKLEY

Photograph *Howarth*

J. C. S. RENDALL

The ex-East Indian officer who won the Bristol Cup for the second time at the Professional Tournament held at Menton last month

verdict is that they have never attained a higher mark. The operetta season has begun with several charming renderings of *La Fille de Madame Angot*. Among the distinguished cast are Mlles. Edmée Favart, Cébron-Norbens, Jane Morlet, and Messieurs Tirmont, Foix, Vilbert, Camus, Morriss, etc. The Sporting Club opened on December 16. Maximum players and notabilities and Royalties—often *incognito*—are getting quite numerous. The Crown Prince of Sweden has been seen frequently at Monte Carlo with his father-in-law, the Duke of Connaught, during his short visit to the Villa Les Bruyères. At the tables a well-known peer and newspaper magnate has been fluttering with varying fortunes. It is said he backed Number 30 for thirty spins without success one day, till a lady, who evidently better understood the fickle goddess, advised trying 31 reversed — the fatal 13—which, of course, proceeded to turn up thirteen times running! But the Casino is still open, and I never saw Monsieur Camille Blanc looking better.

On the sacred steps of the palace of chance a noted golfer, after a long day on Mont Agel, wanted to try some different thrills with a smaller ball, but was refused admittance on account of his knickerbockers and diced stocking tops. His child-like and bland smile, and his "Oh! I'll take them all off," proved an "open-sesame" at once!

MANY of the Anglo-American visitors to the Riviera each winter make it a habit of taking a short trip to Switzerland, before settling down on the Mediterranean coast for the winter. Among those who spent Christmas in Switzerland are Miss Maxine Elliott, the American actress, who, with Miss Elsa Maxwell, will be the guest of the Earl of Lathom at St. Moritz.

Photograph *Le Noir*

THE "DERNIER CRI" IN ESCORTS

The quaint little ring-tailed monkey known as the "Maki"—a denizen of Madagascar—is the very newest craze in fashionable Rivieran circles

Bystander Exclusive Photograph

THE GOVERNOR'S CAR

The much discussed "villa on wheels"—the caravan-car of Sir Hesketh Bell, a former Governor of Uganda—on the Mont Agel Golf Course. Complete with bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom and servant's "hall" it seems to furnish—in more ways than one—a satisfactory solution to the housing problems of to-day

Photograph *Le Noir*

"SHOT" AT CANNES

Miss Lois Meredith who, with a company of French movie artists, has been filmed in a beautiful Riviera setting

MR. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney and their daughter, Lady Mercy Greville, are at St. Moritz. Mrs. Corlette Glorney is the daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Guggenheim, the American millionaire.

Mr. Myron Herrick, American Ambassador to France, has arrived at the Hotel Mont Fleury, where he will spend a few weeks from his duties in Paris. He is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Parmely Herrick and Mr. Parmely W. Herrick, jun., who recently returned to France on the Cunard liner, *Berengaria*, after an extensive trip to America.

Countess della Gherardesca, formerly Miss Harriett Taylor, of New York, has left for Florence for a short visit with her sister-in-law, Countess Alberto Gheradesca.

Lady Lowther, formerly Miss Blight of Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., who is a faithful visitor each year to Cannes, is expected early in January from Queen Anne's Mead, Windsor, England. Lady Lowther spent part of the summer visiting in America.

Sir Stuart and Lady Coats have arrived for the season at Villa Passiflora. The Coats family founded the great shawl industry at Paisley, and have several branches in America, Sir Stuart Coats being the director for several years of the branch establishment at Trenton, N.J., U.S.A. Lady Coats was formerly Miss Barnewell, of Flushing, L.I., New York.

Lord Fitz Alan has arrived at the Hotel Beau Séjour and Sir Reginald Butler at the Hotel Beau Site.

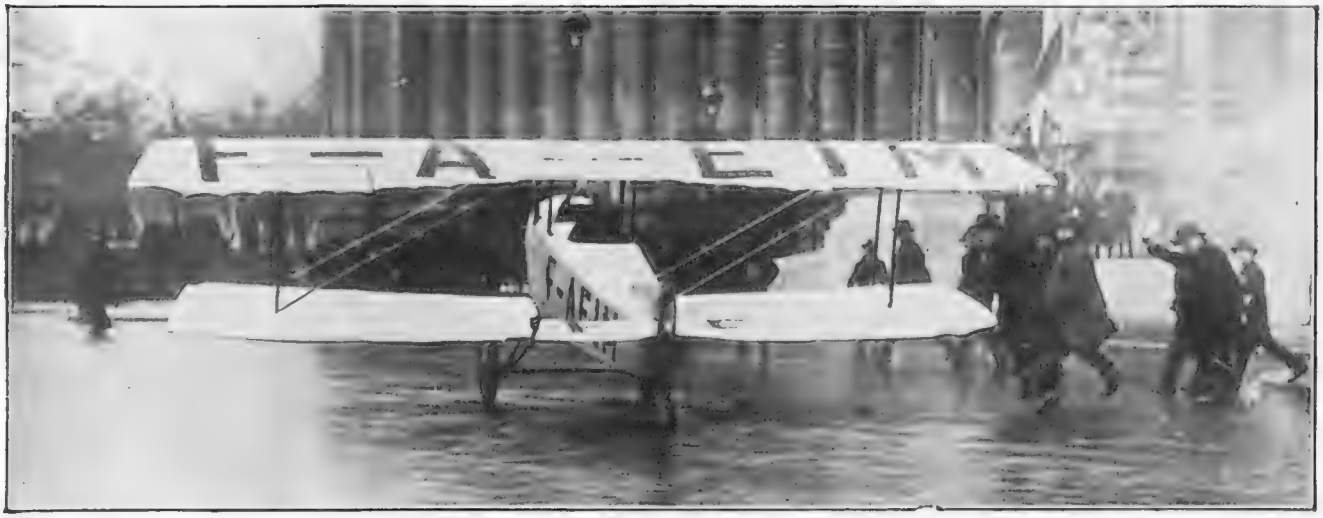
Photograph *Press Photo Agency, San Remo*

AT SAN REMO

Mr. W. E. D. Allen and Lady Phyllis Allen leaving the Royal Hotel where they have been spending their honeymoon

AMONG those at present in Cannes are Mr. and Mrs. C. Guilliland, of Scotland, and Mr. H. P. Stringfellow, of London. The party have selected Cannes as the starting-point for a trip around the world. On January 5 they will sail from Marseilles for Bombay, India, where Mr. and Mrs. Guilliland will visit their children and grandchildren, and will then proceed to China and Japan, visiting Hong Kong, Peking and Yokohama. From Japan they will go to Honolulu, San Francisco, and make the trip across the United States to New York, from where they sail for London. Mr. Guilliland has been in the insurance business in India for the past thirty-two years, and Mr. Stringfellow is the ex-president of the Bank of Calcutta.

GREAT interest was taken in the arrival of Sir Hesketh Bell on his caravan car, which is about 24 feet long, with 38 h.p. The body—part of an obsolete Pullman car—weighs three tons, and so does the engine. During the past two and a half months he has toured the Southern Counties of England and in the South of France—1,800 miles without the slightest mishap. The views were so grand and the golf so good, that he decided to stay a day or two. His chauffeur-valet is an excellent cook. The car contains two bedrooms, kitchen-bathroom, and servant's room, and two platform lounges shaded by tent coverings which can be adjusted on each side, almost by pressing a button, for open-air meals. Some wanderer — he has held important posts on the Gold Coast, the West Indies, and the Bahamas. He has been Governor of the Uganda Protectorate, of Dominica, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Northern Nigeria, of the Leeward Islands, and, since 1915, of Mauritius.



Photograph *I. B.*

ON THE RANK!

The French airman Becheler, after landing in the street outside the Grand Palais, Paris, where an aerial exhibition was being held, "taxied" his machine most appropriately to a vacant place in a rank of waiting cars

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

BY BLAM

LEADING HIM ON

AND WHAT THEN?

A NEW SERIES OF SHORT STORY COMPETITIONS

No. I

ERIC'S IDEAL

By E. P. LEIGH BENNETT

"Yes; at lunch, at the Renaissance . . ."

He did not want to go to the beastly dance. He was fed-up with dancing. To the teeth. Besides, it would be a dud show. Hadn't Blore said so? Blore, who knew these dances given by the Isaacsteins; knew them backwards; had been to them all. Whereas Eric had been to none, so far, and didn't want to. It was the first night of "The Philanderce" at the Odéon, and that meant a congenial supper-party afterwards at Maitland's flat. Maitland, the Producer, who knew every interesting woman in London, and a hundred in the provinces, no doubt. And he had refused that invitation, like an idiot. Curse these dress ties of Dawes and Murchison! Much too long, all of them, that's the third one gone west.

This was Eric Ainslie's mood. Not a gracious mood. Not a gracious sight was he, either, as he stood before his glass, a deep frown of ill-temper disfiguring his handsome face like a bayonet slash. He was one of the chosen few. He did what he liked, where he liked, and when. You can, if you live at your club, have two thousand a year, free of income tax, only twenty-eight years behind you, and the glorious hazard of life ahead. It was, therefore, particularly annoying to be persuaded into a dance by the insipid Inglis girl, who was always carried off by a horse-faced married sister at 12.30 "because they had to motor back to Weybridge." Why did people live at Weybridge? Pointless sort of thing to do. By Jove! pretty useful dress-coat Amberley and Sheer had made him, anyway—h'm!—yes, quite good, very good, in fact. Must pay for it sometime, he supposed; not for a year or so, though, not likely.

Well, now for it. What's time? Yes. Hat, coat?—damn that valet—coat, gloves, hanky—right. . . .

It wasn't at all a bad show, after all. Rather a good one. Isaacstein *père* had gone full out with the wind behind him this time, as regards the supper. And the room was not overcrowded, as Blore had affirmed it would be. Just the right number. And the band of the Ukulele Eight—wonderful! What further could be sought for or declared; isn't that the quotation?

"I don't know," simpered the Inglis girl in his arms, "it's very lovely, anyway. Oh! don't let them stop. *Don't!*"

As if mortal man could regulate the breath of saxophonists, or the wrist muscles of cymbal beaters? Childish. But, of course, that is what she was, childish.

And then, in the encore pause, when they stood about politely but expectantly clapping, he saw her.

Standing within a few feet of him, white arm raised to wayward wisp of hair; the Ideal Woman. The Ascot Woman. His Woman.

In pale lilac, old gold shoes, and a blood-red rose at her waist—perfect! Talking laughingly to Blore. The loveliest woman in the room—in Europe. With Blore; what a stroke of luck! When would it be 12.30, and this Inglis woman deported to Weybridge, or Westmorland, or wherever it was she liked to go? But 12.30 dragged its way round, and she went, full of regrets, mutually expressed by Eric, his face flooded with relief. "Maberly, Mrs.," Blore said she was. "Married? Not so as you'd notice it. Introduce you? Of course, dear old thing; I'm off to bed, hunting to-morrow, thank God. Come along." . . .

He just sat, tense, looking at her. Enveloped by her personality; telling her, rather breathlessly and hurriedly, how he had seen her at Ascot, in a champagne-coloured

frock, getting into a limousine outside the enclosure, on Gold Cup day; and had been searching for her up and down ballrooms and restaurants and places ever since.

"Because, because—well, you're so exquisite, you know."

She leaned back on the sofa and toyed absently with the pearls at her neck, smiling full into his eyes and depriving him of connected speech. And such eyes. Hyacinth-blue, under great clumps of liquorice-black hair, and a skin like the base of a Gloire de Dijon rose petal. How could a man talk? But he wasn't going to lose her again. Not he. And the vehement invitations tumbled torrentially from his lips.

"You must come with me to the Mediæval Ball next Thursday. You will? How splendid of you! Let's dine to-morrow at the Clarendon and discuss our fancy dress, what? We'll go on to Maxi's after—it's the late night there. I'll motor you down to Brighton on Sunday—is that a bet?"

At his importunities she merely smiled dazzlingly, waveringly.

"You amusing person—not so fast. But it's true I *am* at a loose end for a little bit. I'll do *some* of these things with you. We're being very unconventional, though, aren't we?"

"But isn't that the beauty of it?" he asked, earnestly, leaning towards her.

"Perhaps," she replied, steadying him down with a grave look. "Come and dance again. You dance divinely. What siren taught you?"

And towards the 2 a.m.'s they had cemented their impromptu friendship across a Bollingered supper-table, and around and about the superb parquet floor; and she had fallen in resignedly with most of his emphatic arrangements for the following nights and days. No. He was *not* to see her home. Besides, it was only round the corner; those flats in Berkeley Square. Yes; at lunch, at the Rénaissance, one-thirtyish. "*Good* night, you funny one!"

He stood gazing ardently into the gloom of her taxi, seeing only the blue gleam of mesmeric eyes.

He bumped back into the shirt front of Farquarson, who stood behind him, clipping the end of a cigar and smiling philosophically.

"Coming my way, young 'un? I would have speech with thee."

"Yes, half a sec, while I collect a coat and things."

"What does the old fool want?" he thought, irritably.

He was in no mood to talk platitudes to a policeman. For that is what Farquarson was. Only very high up and important; and terribly staid.

Eric was *en l'air*. His mind a whirl of delightful, mysterious anticipation, his eyes seeing only hyacinth-blue, his nostrils breathing only the subtle, inflammatory scent in her hair. Farqui *now*, urgh!

A fog crept over the face of the Green Park like a winding-sheet, approaching stealthily the Piccadilly railings along which they sauntered in silence. And after a bit——

"Son," said Farquarson, gravely, "I never talk shop to you, our shop. But you were my fag at school, and—and you can keep your mouth shut, too. I taught you how to, 'member?"

Eric nodded. What on earth was coming? How filthily this fog licked at them.

"Drop it, young 'un."

"Drop what?"

"That woman—listen. Drop it you must, and quickly. I heard you making plans to-night, lots of 'em. You were making a few on the stairs going down to supper, in a loud voice—very unwise."

LITTLE BUT GOOD

André Ratoucheff, the Chief of the Russian Midgets—that clever band of tiny folk which is delighting Palladium audiences with the novelty and bizarrerie of their entertainment

"How do you mean? She's a——"

"She's nothing of the kind. That woman, what is she calling herself now, Mrs. Maberly? She is an international crook, Eric, of the cleverest and worst type. Don't say nonsense to me, my boy." His voice became icy. "I don't fabricate false statements about people. You know me better than that. Why was she there to-night? She had good reason to be. But she won't be anywhere, like that, for long. We've been giving her rope. She's used it; lots of it; too much—follow me?"

He stopped and placed a hand affectionately on the younger man's shoulder.

"This is an order, Eric, my boy, as well as sage counsel. I am not going to have you mixed up in the *débâcle* that will soon take place. Your governor is a white man. So are you. Incidentally, you will be getting in our way. You must drop her like a hot coal, instantly. Understand? Good night, old chap."

And he crossed the road, and was gone.

Eric stood stone still. He was immersed in a well of bewilderment, and fumbled blindly for his cigarette-case. International crook . . . rope . . . *she* . . . "You mixed up in the *débâcle*." Surely to heaven he——

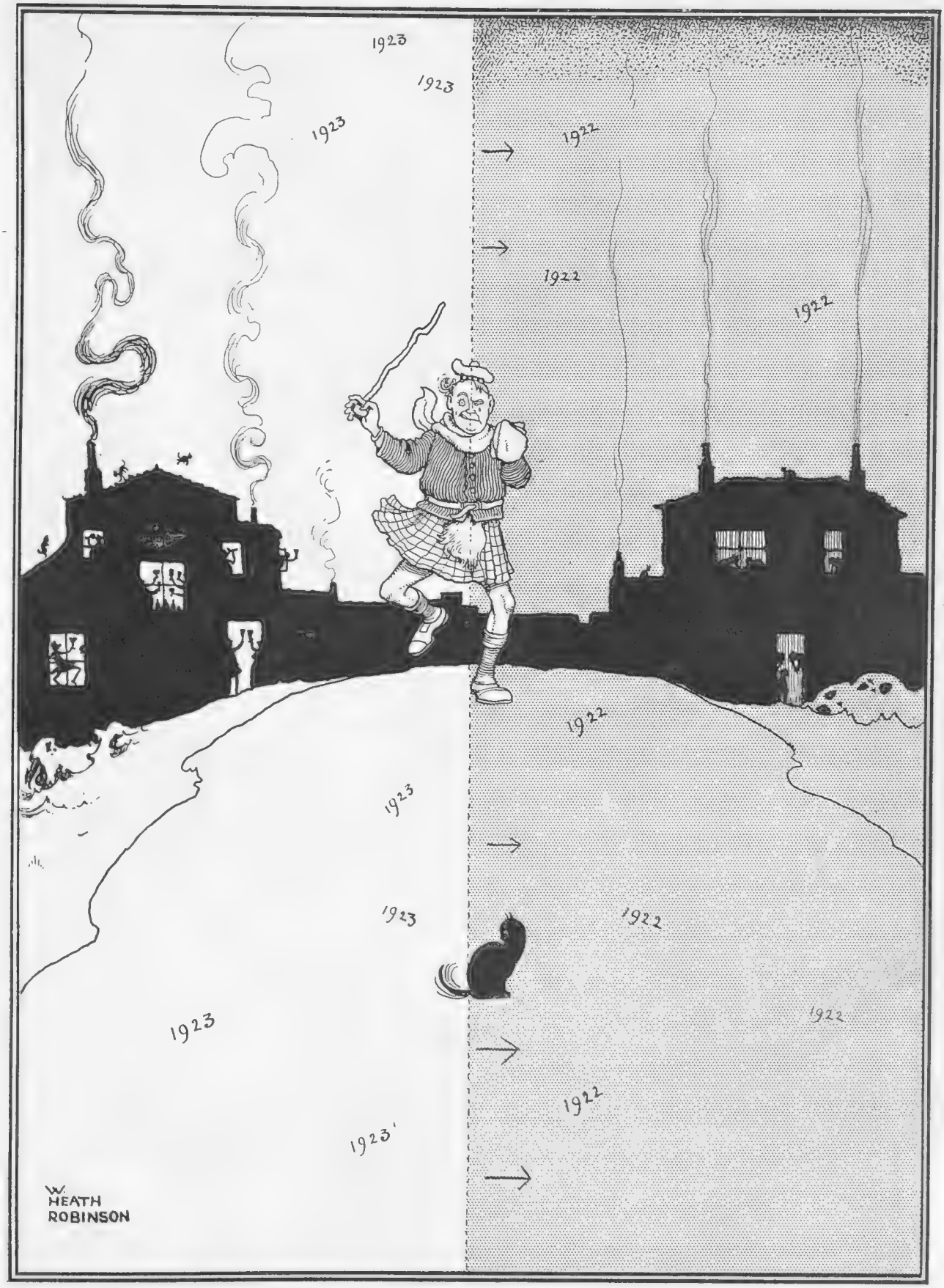
Farqui, "the soundest man in England," someone had said once. . . . Drop her like a hot coal, instantly. . . . This is an order. . . . *Why?* . . . What the —— ? . . . See her pinched by those suave devils. . . . And then ——? . . .

QUERY:—

What does Eric do then?
How does the story end?

A cheque for ***Five Guineas*** *will be sent to the reader who, in the estimation of the judges, sends in the best solution for extricating Eric from the difficult position in which he finds himself. All solutions of the problem must be received not later than first post on Wednesday, January 31st. Envelopes should be addressed to The Editor and marked "And What Then?" Competition.*

Across the Bor-r-r-der!

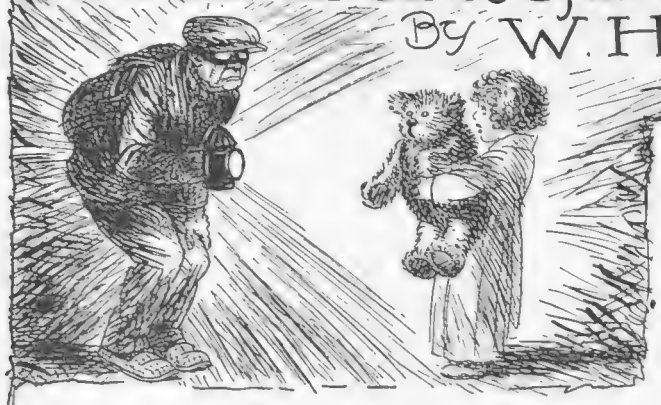


BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Embarrassing position of a Scotch gentleman at the crucial moment of the advent of the New Year and the passing of the Old

THE BURGLAR and the BABY

By W. Hodgson Burnet



BILL BAILEY was a burglar of the most uncommon skill,
For bolts and bars and barking curs meant nothing much to Bill;
He'd a taste for rings and watches, and was naturally prone
On hearing others had them to possess them for his own.

One Christmas Eve Bill argued thus, "This season of the year
Is one in which the wife expects a little Christmas cheer;
The kiddies, too, will want some toys, and so, so'elp me bob,
It's time to gird me loins up and to find a likely job."

"Now this 'ere place—'The Laurels'—is a very lonely spot,
And almost priceless joolery the occupant has got;
If I succeed in getting it 'twill mean a tidy sum,
And I needn't do no burglarin' for many months to come."

His work was greatly aided by a providential fog,
A piece of poisoned mutton quickly pacified the dog,
To force the pantry window wasn't difficult at all,
And in less than thirty seconds he was standing in the hall.

In stockinged feet he cautiously began to mount the stairs,
When on the second landing came upon him unawares
A little nightgowned figure with a curly head of hair,
Supporting in his tiny arms a monstrous Teddy Bear.

"I s'pose 'oo's Faver Kissmus?" said a voice, addressing Bill,
"Please will 'oo change this Teddy Bear for someſing else? 'Oo will?
I *'speshly* asked to have a motor engine in my prayers,"
And the little figure here sat down beside him on the stairs.

And here, I fear, my story goes completely off the rails,
For in pointing moral lessons it most lamentably fails;
Bill *should* have sobbed, repented of his past, and you should see
A picture of the Burglar with the Baby on his knee.

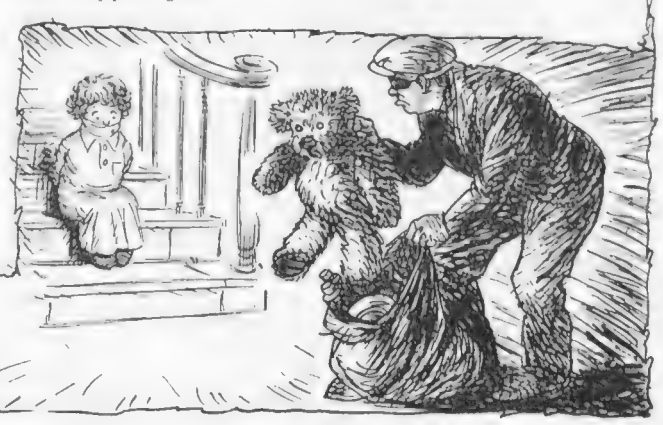
I'd like to end the story (but it wouldn't be the truth)
With Bill regaling Baby with sad stories of his youth.
"God bless you, child," he ought to say, "you've saved a soul from shame,"
And kissing him depart as empty-handed as he came.

But Bill was not the least like that, he didn't *do* these things,
He was strictly there on business, which was necklaces and rings,
So he merely swore a silent oath and with an oily rag
Proceeded very carefully the little chap to gag.

He then went into sundry rooms and very soon came back
With a satisfied expression and a heavy-looking sack,
And as he passed the little lad he'd left upon the stair
He made a horrid face at him (and also pulled his hair).

"Good-night, you little devil!" he remarked, "I've got the swag,
I trust that you'll enjoy yourself a-suckin' of that rag,
A little oil won't 'urt you; don't forget to tell your dad
About the pleasant time with Father Christmas that you've 'ad!"

And just as he had reached the door Bill gave a last look round,
And saw the little fellow's Teddy Bear upon the ground,
"The very thing," he muttered, as he stuffed it in his sack.
"It will make a lovely present for my youngest nipper, Jack!"



SKETCHED BY O. CUNINGHAM

BY ELSA COURLANDER

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

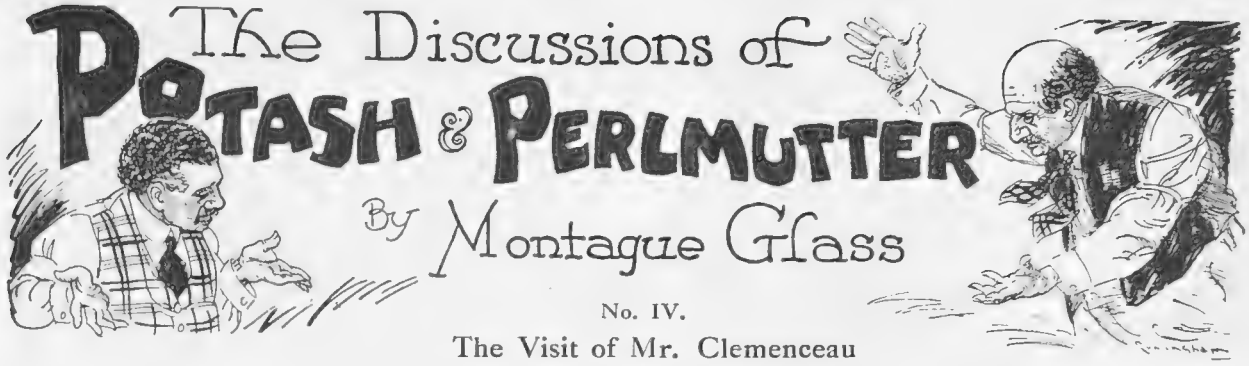
Why the Sphinx Smiled

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Had Ancient Egypt been run on English lines, this is what they would have found in King Ipecacuanha's tomb

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass



No. IV.

The Visit of Mr. Clemenceau

"WELL, Mawruss, I see where this here Clemenceau got a big reception when he arrived in New York the other day," Abe Potash remarked to his partner, Morris Perlmutter. "They had to put one policeman at every sixth street corner to hold back the crowds, and when he spoke in Carnegie Hall, special arrangements had to be made to handle the audience so that those who had gone there under the idea that he was anyhow a baritone, shouldn't escape to a moving picture show."

"From the way the papers printed the whole pageful of his speech the next morning, I had an idea that there was a whole lot of interest shown in what he came over here for—whatever it was that he *did* come over here for," Morris Perlmutter said.

"Why didn't you find out by reading the speech?" Abe asked.

"What *am* I—a bookworm?" Morris retorted. "It's all I can do in my spare moments to keep up with such things in the newspapers as don't concern me like murders without I should waste my time reading full page speeches by even domestic politicians, let alone imported ones."

"Well, you needn't think you are acting unique by feeling that way, Mawruss," Abe said, "because there is over a hundred million people in this country, including me, which thinks the same way as you do."

"Then what did he come over here for?" Morris asked.

"Say! His time is his own, ain't it?" Abe said. "And besides, I understand he was invited by an American association called the *Friends of Foreign Policy* or the *Independent Order of Foreign Policy* or something like that, although I don't think myself that they knew what they was in for when they sent him the invitation."

The Tiger's Queer Menu

"Do you mean that he took them seriously when they said, 'Why don't you come over and see us some time,' or 'If you ain't got nothing better to do in the next few years why don't you take a little run over to America?' or something like that?" Morris inquired.

"Breakfast at 4 a.m. on onion soup and hard-boiled eggs"

"Well, I think the chances is that they gave him a regular invitation all right," Abe declared, "but from what I read about his personal habits, Mawruss, that feller Clemenceau would upset the domestic arrangements of an Owl Lunch Wagon. He goes to bed every night at eight, gets up every morning at half-past three and breakfasts promptly at four, and as the *Independent Order of Foreign Policy* couldn't get any hotel to take him in on that basis they had to give him board and lodging at the house of a well-known illustrator for the funny papers."

"I always thought an illustrator could earn a good enough living without taking boarders on the side," Morris commented.

"But this illustrator ain't getting paid for it, Mawruss. Because if he was, y'understand, he might just so well open an all-night, short-order restaurant, and be done with it, which, according to the newspapers, Clemenceau eats a breakfast which has got some of the features of a seventy-five cent Italian *table d'hôte* dinner, combined with a picnic luncheon and an after-theatre supper, y'understand," Abe continued. "He begins with onion soup and then switches to hard boiled eggs and Swiss cheese."

The Proposition He's Selling

"Well, the members of the *Ancient Order of Foreign Policies* let themselves in for it themselves, Abe. As long as they were inviting a prominent Frenchman over here, why didn't they ask a young, strong Frenchman instead of a weak old gentleman like Clemenceau who has to be fed carefully on onion soup, hard boiled eggs and Swiss cheese for breakfast?" Morris said. "If they don't watch out, Abe, they'll be giving him soup with too little onions in it or hard boiled eggs that ain't boiled hard enough, y'understand, and then with the

peculiar kind of digestion he's got, Abe, the first thing you know, Clemenceau will have to go on a diet of Welsh rabbit, broiled lobster and hot mince pie."

"For my part, Mawruss, if them *Free Sons of Foreign Policy* got Clemenceau to deliver lectures as a part of a membership drive, y'understand, they'd have much more success with a sick benefit plan or something like that, because while I didn't read the speeches he's made, I've seen a couple of interviews he gave out, and what he says sounds like he had come over here to sell to America the proposition of going into a few dozen assorted European wars," Abe said.

"Well, if that is the kind of foreign policy them *Friends of Foreign Policy* is in favour of, Abe, what they need instead of a membership drive is a suit by the Government to wind up the affairs of the *Order*, y'understand," Morris said.

"Still, Mawruss, I don't think that is the intention of these here *Foreign Policy* lodge brothers," Abe declared. "They probably didn't expect that Mr. Clemenceau would pull the line of war talk he has been handing out in his lectures and interviews. After all, Mr. Clemenceau is a high-grade Frenchman, and he didn't get the nickname of the Tiger on his record as an eater of hard-boiled eggs and onion soup alone."

Has Gone Through Two Wars

"Say! A diet like that is bound to have some effect on a man's ideas, Abe," Morris said.

"But the chances is that them *Foreign Policy* people didn't think it was necessary to check up Mr. Clemenceau's diet before inviting him over here," Abe protested.

"They then should ought to have done so," Morris said, "because the way you explain things, Abe, it looks to me now that them *Foreign Policy* boys imported Mr. Clemenceau as a sample Frenchman to show to the American people as an inducement for the American people to back up a certain kind of foreign policy towards France, y'understand, and if the French people comes up to the sample, understand me, the kind of foreign policy we need in connection with the French is a blanket policy insuring us against all wars, debts, and treaties, y'understand."

"But on the other hand, Mawruss, you've got to consider that Mr. Clemenceau is a very old man, and he's gone through several wars and revolutions over in France," Abe said. "He's had personal experience with two German wars, and if he sees in the future another German war, y'understand, he's probably figuring that *All Good Things are Three*."

"Even so, Abe, that ain't no reason why them *Foreign Policy* fans should bring him over here to discuss the whole question of foreign policy," Morris insisted. "If they was an association for the purpose of settling the Drink Question instead of the Foreign Policy Question, they wouldn't arrange to have it discussed by an old gentleman who had a lot of experience as a distiller after starting in life as a bar-tender. If they did, y'understand, people would say they was in favour of booze, just as their getting Mr. Clemenceau to discuss Foreign Policy makes you believe that them *Friends of Foreign Policy* is in favour of war, or, at any rate, ain't enough opposed to it to think it is altogether a bad thing."

Onion Soup *v.* Buckwheat Cakes

"Well, Mawruss, you've got to admit that if they had a *Foreign Policy Brotherhood* in France and they was to import from America a Middle Western United States Senator to make speeches to the French people about conditions over here, y'understand, they'd be just as much up in the air over the line of talk he would hand out as we are over Mr. Clemenceau's speeches, y'understand, and when it came to breakfasts, understand me, getting up a programme of grape fruit, cereal, buckwheat cakes and sausages would be throwing just so big a monkey wrench into the machinery of a French household as onion soup did to this here illustrator's kitchen arrangements," Abe said.

"At that, it wouldn't be a bad idea, Abe," Morris said, "because two nations which starts the day with such unlike breakfast dishes as onion soup and buckwheat cakes is bound to have totally different outlooks on a whole lot of questions. The consequences would be, Abe, that if a United States Senator would get up and say mean things about France in the Senate, y'understand, the French people would understand that it was only the result of eating a couple of buckwheat cakes which didn't sit right, y'understand. Whereas if a French politician would say something in the French Senate which sounded like insulting the United States, y'understand, we would know at once that he was under the influence of onion soup."

"Then you think Mr. Clemenceau's speeches about the next war with Germany is partly on account of being written after them strange breakfasts of his?" Abe inquired.

"Well, I wouldn't say that for sure, Abe," Morris concluded, "but before writing the next one, it mightn't do any harm to see what effect it would have if he took half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a tumblerful of warm water."

By Inder Burns

NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS IN DUNDEE

Putting Out the Old

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

HOLED OUT

THE DÉB

BY A. K. MACDONALD

BUTANTE

BY FREDERICK PARKER

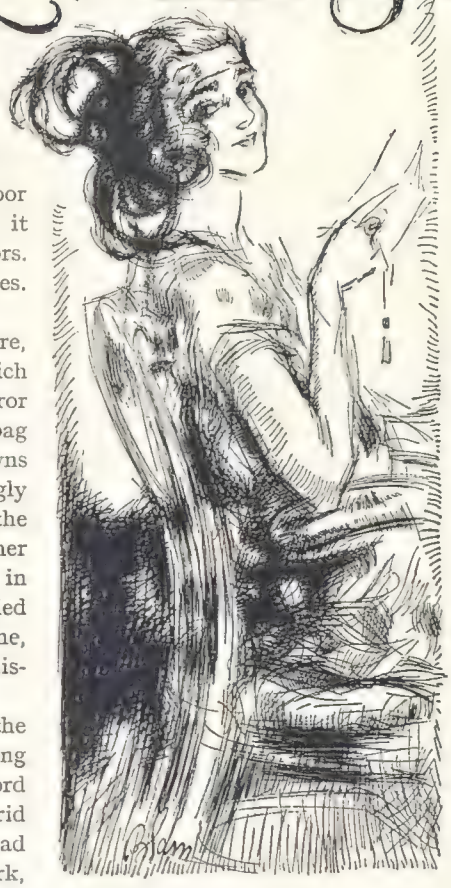
ONE DOZEN ASSORTED

NEW SERIES

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

I.—THE WOMAN OF THE RESTAURANT

By DELL LEIGH



SOME people have the unspoken welcome, "Salvé," written on their front door mats, for the encouragement, it must be supposed, of shy visitors.

She has it written in her eyes. She has the lip salve look.

Demurely as she sits there, painting the lily of her lips, which need no unguent, little mirror deftly concealed in the silk bag her left hand raises, while he frowns over the bill; cold and bitingly sarcastic as she would be to the unfavoured stranger—yet in her eyes, in the poise of her figure, in her detached survey of the crowded room, there is portrayed a welcome, subtly expressed, indefinite, unmistakable.

We live in the age of the restaurant. Of the thumping syncopation of the jazz, the word as bastard as the music. Of arid parquet seas between a myriad tables, a sea whereon diners embark, as it were sub-consciously, float about rhythmically, silently, without effort (apparently without pleasure), and come to shore again to flaccid food and tepid drink—until the next spontaneous embarkation, towards which they are drawn by the clash of cymbals.

She is of this age. She reigns over it; the Empress of its emptiness. She is always beautifully dressed. The simplicity and sparseness of her attire a fit setting to her fair skin and slim body. One does not place a pearl upon a tartan rug to admire the warmth and glow of it.

At the Palanquin Restaurant on Monday night she will be in *rose du Barri*, startlingly attractive by its one-piece plainness. At the Legation Club on Wednesday (the late night) she will be bewitchingly in black, because black gives the lie to lack-lustre eyes in the 2 a.m.'s—but that is not your affair. On Saturday, at the Hôtel des Décadantes (known throughout four Continents as "Decs") it is in dove-grey that she will mock at you, softly, provocatively; little bronze shoes tapping the time of the fox-trot against a chair-leg abaft the one you occupy attentively.

She and her sisters, her cousins, and her caustic critics, the latter slightly older and less expensively garbed, throng the restaurants of the Restless, a phalanx of gleaming shoulders, white teeth enduring the time-exposure of the smile, feet pattering on the graveyard of the kitchens beneath the parquet, eyes ever alert to note, without the flicker of an eyelash, the insistent, appraising stare of the men.

What do they do with their days, their destinies? Whence come they? Whither go they? To marriage and the oblivion of children? The former probably, the latter highly improbably; and the former often for a time only. A wasted time. A time wherein the dance of the restaurant is indulged under direction, authority.

Here is one, picked haphazard from the multi-coloured basket. That dark girl there, leaning back nonchalantly against the yellow plush cushions in the corner, which are the exact background for her pale lilac frock, the colour of which was chosen with this upholstery in mind.

"Who is she? Sylvia Seale. You don't know her? A gorgeous dancer. Daughter of Marriott, the big dramatic agent in Maiden Lane. He would never let her go on the stage; fended her off with disillusioning stories (made up as he went along) until the phase passed, and she married Jock Seale in '14. He was blown to bits at Le Cateau, you may remember, Inverness Highlanders. They had only been married a month. Cut up about it? Possibly. But she was only eighteen at the time (a shrug). Lives with her father in Fitzjohns Avenue. Has her own latchkey, naturally, and the use of his Daimler most nights. Fellow she's with? Oh, that's Lang, Lloyds underwriter. She was with Freddie Ainslie at the Parthenon last night. She's coming to the 'Live-and-Let-Live' Ball with me to-morrow. Amusing kid. Will of her own, y'know—by Jove, yes! Great favourite with the girls on the stage, because of father in the offing, probably. Want to dance with her? I'll soon fix that. Lang won't mind, Lord no."

But you decline. You want to study her. She is true to type; perfect of her kind; perfectly at home here—but on a Yorkshire moor, a Cornish headland? No. She would wear the wrong shoes, and have to be carried to the nearest cottage, until a car was procured to take her back to the hotel, with the private bathroom and the brown, lumpy bath salts. And she has divined all that your informative friend has been saying; every word. She knows you are interested. Saw it when she first sat down and surveyed your quickly averted profile. She is engaged at the moment in rather boisterous badinage with her dancing partner over the beaverless oysters they have just brought. She is not even looking your way. But nothing has escaped her. This is her hour. This, and the hours the other

hundred nights, and a hundred other interested men, offer.

Presently they slide on to the floor together, moving as one entity. He mute, expressionless, looking anywhere but at her. She poised, lissom, languid, moving to the melody as the half of him, although her eyes travel expertly over the frocks of contiguous women, returning ever to the long mirrors on the walls, into which she gazes keenly at her own tired eyes reflected there. Each time she is swung past your table in her partner's arms she searches your face with the cold, expressionless stare of the disinterested. And yet it is strange that once or twice, when adjacent to you, when under the searchlight of your obvious admiration, she suddenly switches her glance from you to him and breaks into a dazzling smile at something he has not said, the better that you may see the perfect teeth beneath the full lips. The penultimate moment of the smile is transferred to you. Is it? Are you mistaken? Next time round will prove. It does not. For next time round the attractive face is set as a graven image upon her, and her eyes rest dispassionately upon the sit and texture of your dress-tie. Do they? Did she? Your thoughts chase each other along the line she would have them run. And you are never sure. Because when the tempestuous band ceases she happens to be opposite you again, this time standing, unheld, upon the floor, her face half-averted from you, while she claps for the encore, her expectant eyes all for music, not for the dross of men. Certainly not.

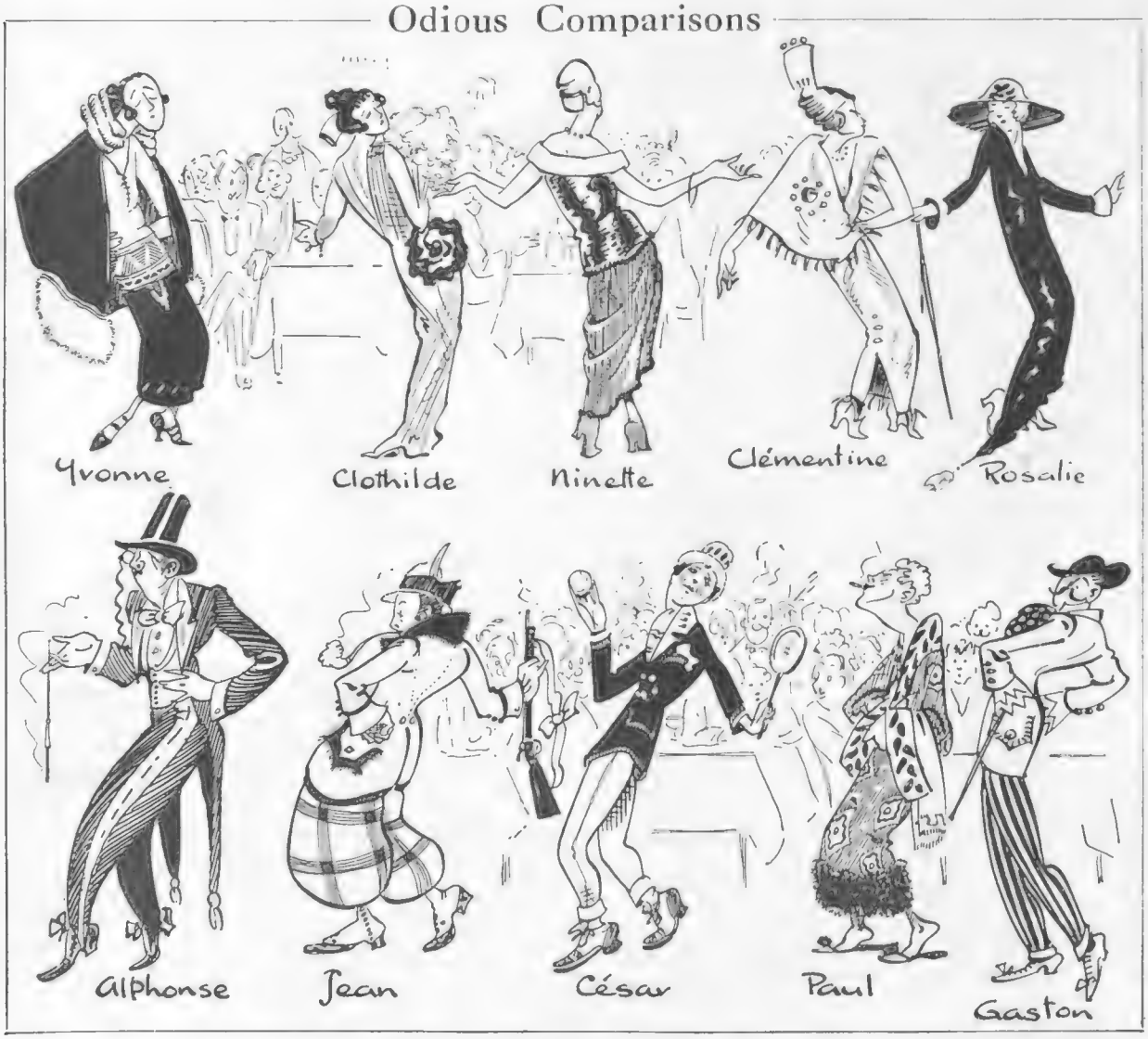
To-morrow you will not be here. But another will take your place, and the night after another—and again. This for her is life; her jazzed horizon ahead, the waltzing wake of her passing. The clank of dish against dish; the noiseless scurry of waiters; the allurement of shaded lamps; the tuning of band instruments; the cradle-borne wine; the dirge of the dance—this is her *métier*. In this maelstrom of the make-believe she whirls ecstatically, desiring no other.

And in twenty years, with only this as her Alpha and Omega, so long as she can hold sway?

"Oh, well, in twenty years we may all be dead—don't be childish, old thing. Sufficient unto the day is the dance thereof. Another olive please—ta."

NEXT WEEK—
No. 2.—THE WOMAN OF THE THEATRE

Odious Comparisons



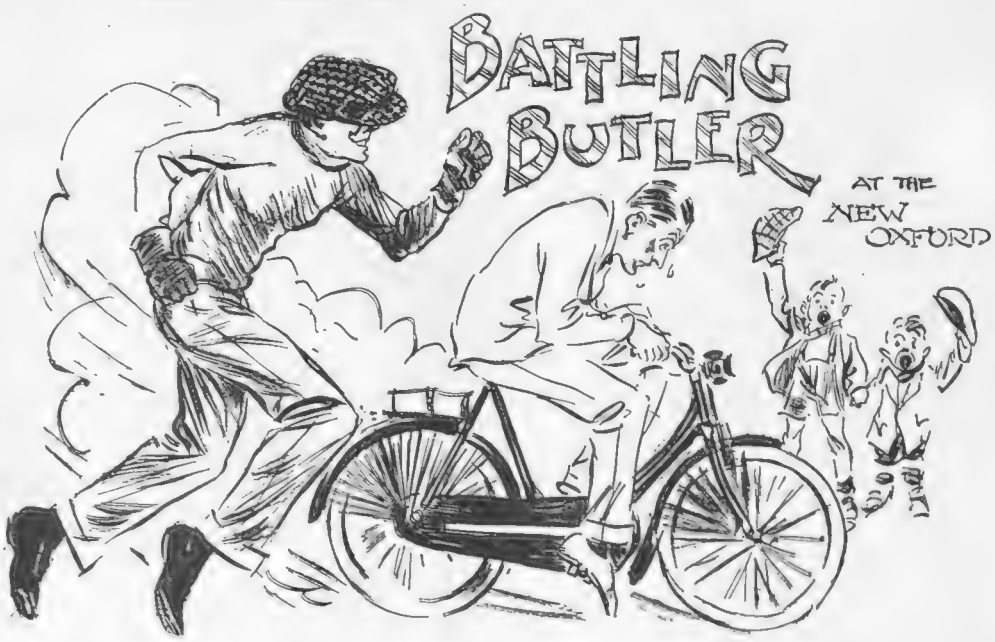
THE MODE OF THE MAN-NEQUIN

By A. H. D'Egville

We present this charming and original idea as a New Year gift to those of our Dance Clubs that are seeking novelties for the lovely fashion parades which they are producing for our delectation

THE NEW LEAF

BY NICOLSON

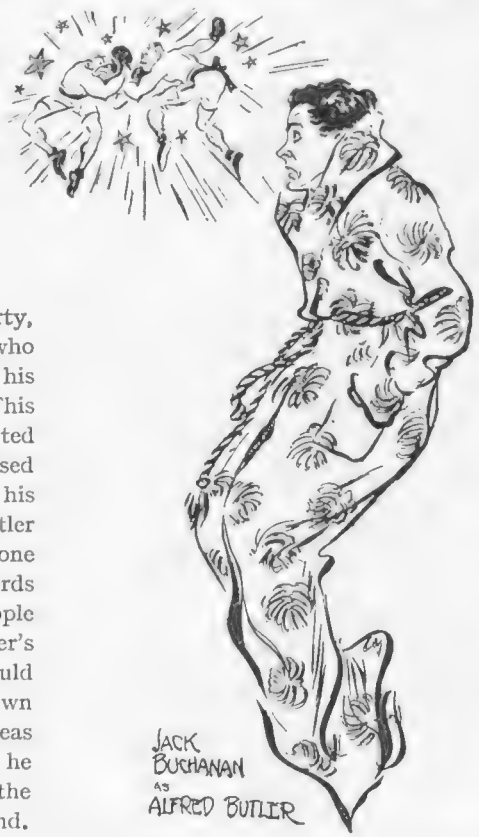


BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

THE title of this musical comedy appears to have been chosen for the sake of its artful alliteration. At first it might convey the impression that a bit of a scuffle had broken out in the pantry; but as it happens, it does not concern that kind of butler at all. Battling Butler is a prize-fighter, and the play is all more or less on the theme of the Ring, though it leans, very properly, to the comic side of that very busy centre. I have an idea that patrons of prize-fights and patrons of the theatre constitute two entirely different sections of the pleasure-loving public. If I have guessed rightly, it may be that the wisdom of appealing to one section of the public with the form of entertainment favoured by another section, is at least debatable.

APART from the battling party, there is another Mr. Butler who shines in the reflected glory of his more distinguished namesake. This Mr. Butler is delightfully represented by Mr. Jack Buchanan. He has caused it to be erroneously known in his small village that he is the Battler in question. So that when, on one occasion, he has a few high words with an aggressive opponent, people wonder just what shape the offender's face will take if Mr. Butler should get busy with his left. They put down his toleration to magnanimity, whereas it is merely due to the fact that he is no fighter. The story follows the usual course of fiction of its kind. Obviously the dramatic development requires that the deceitful Mr. Butler shall be brought face to face with his great original, and this is duly arranged. There is also alarming talk of putting him in the ring against a ferocious boxer known as Murdering Mike, or some such encouraging name as that. The mild Mr. Butler follows the career of his "double" very closely, and when he reads in his sporting newspaper that a match has been arranged between the Battler and another champion, our Mr. Butler gives his friends to understand that the announcement refers to himself. Further, on such occasions he informs his devoted wife that he must now proceed to his training quarters and remain out of touch with the world for a week or two. It is difficult to compliment too highly a man who has found so new and so original an excuse for the usual grass-widower's outing.



AS it happens, our Mr. Butler is on quite friendly terms with the Battler, and visits him at his training quarters. This brings us to the courtyard of an old-fashioned country inn, the scenery being entirely charming and picturesque. It is here that we learn that even the hero of a hundred fights may, as it were, take the count before the sharp edge of a woman's tongue. Mrs. Battling Butler does not like the rural surroundings of her husband's training quarters, as there is no one there to admire her pretty frocks. She talks to her unhappy husband, and at him, till his trainer mercifully intervenes and takes the poor fellow away from her provoking volubility. It is not every man who has the luck to find a friend in need like that, under these very trying circumstances.

WE then learn that part of our Mr. Butler's excuse for a visit to the training quarters is that Mrs. Battling Butler and himself appear to be on the best possible terms. The two embrace affectionately, and give other evidences of the strength of their misplaced attachment, which seems to me, as far as our Mr. Butler is concerned, a rather perilous venture. It is, I believe, an axiom among squires of dames that wherever their random affection may fall, it should avoid the direction of a "bruiser's" wife or "gal," for very obvious reasons. When other lips are so badly

swollen that they occupy a great deal more than their share of the face, they will hardly prove attractive to the dainty lady who yearns to be artistically osculated.

THERE are, of course, other characters in the play than those already referred to. Miss Peggy Kurton (who with great aptitude took up her part at only twenty-four hours' notice) is a charming flapper, who is the ward of our Mr. Butler. She met two young men in the train under somewhat unusual circumstances. The young men were travelling down the line in the congenial society of a luncheon-basket, when the flapper from her hungry corner seat cast a goo-goo eye at the cold fowl, or whatever it was that was emerging from the wicker-work. So Mr. Fred Leslie, as one of the young men, generously offered her Mr. Austin Melford's share of the lunch, leaving the latter with a mere crust or so to satisfy the pangs of his gnawing appetite. It seems to me that on such an occasion the bonds of conventional etiquette must have been rather fiercely strained. In return for the lunch the flapper invites the young men to our Mr. Butler's house, giving them the clear impression that he is the Battling One.

IT happens that Mr. Fred Leslie is very well acquainted with the real Battler, and he wants to know, in the interests of common fairness, why our Mr. Butler is impersonating his greater namesake. This, of course, makes the complication still more acute. Then Mr. Melford, in the character of a brainless young man, reveals to our Mrs. Butler and the flapper, in the course of a number of amusing self-contradictions, the dismal fact that their Mr. Butler is not the famous Battler at all. This not unnaturally prompts Mrs. Butler to visit the training quarters for herself. Mr. Jack Buchanan contrives to get a good deal of fun out of this scene. While his wife is on the premises he is obliged to make a desperate show of busying himself with Indian clubs and punchballs, and other incidentals to the boxer's training; but excellent as his imitation is, he cannot deceive his dear wife for long. The cleverest of us is apt to get found out at last.

A LITTLE LEG PULLING BY THE TRAINER (DOUGLAS FURBER)

MR. BUCHANAN is, naturally, the star of the piece. Besides being a most entertaining comedian, he is, of course, a dancer of renown; and in both respects he brings distinction to the production. Our Mrs. Butler is delightfully represented by Miss Sydney Fairbrother, who, with Mr. Buchanan, gives a very droll imitation of the modern "speciality" dance—one of those affairs in which you have to swing the lady across your shoulders and carry her around in your arms. Miss Fairbrother lends herself to all these antics with a kind of helpless resignation that is a fund of humour in itself. Miss Peggy Kurton sings daintily and dances with pleasing gracefulness, and Miss Sylvia Leslie, who plays Mrs. Battling Butler, makes even her aggressiveness attractive, while both ladies add charm to the entertainment. *Battling Butler* is a pleasant musical comedy run on familiar lines, with a clear touch of originality in the plot, and it will doubtless prove very acceptable to Mr. Buchanan's numerous admirers. JINGLE

AUSTIN MELFORD

PEGGY KURTON

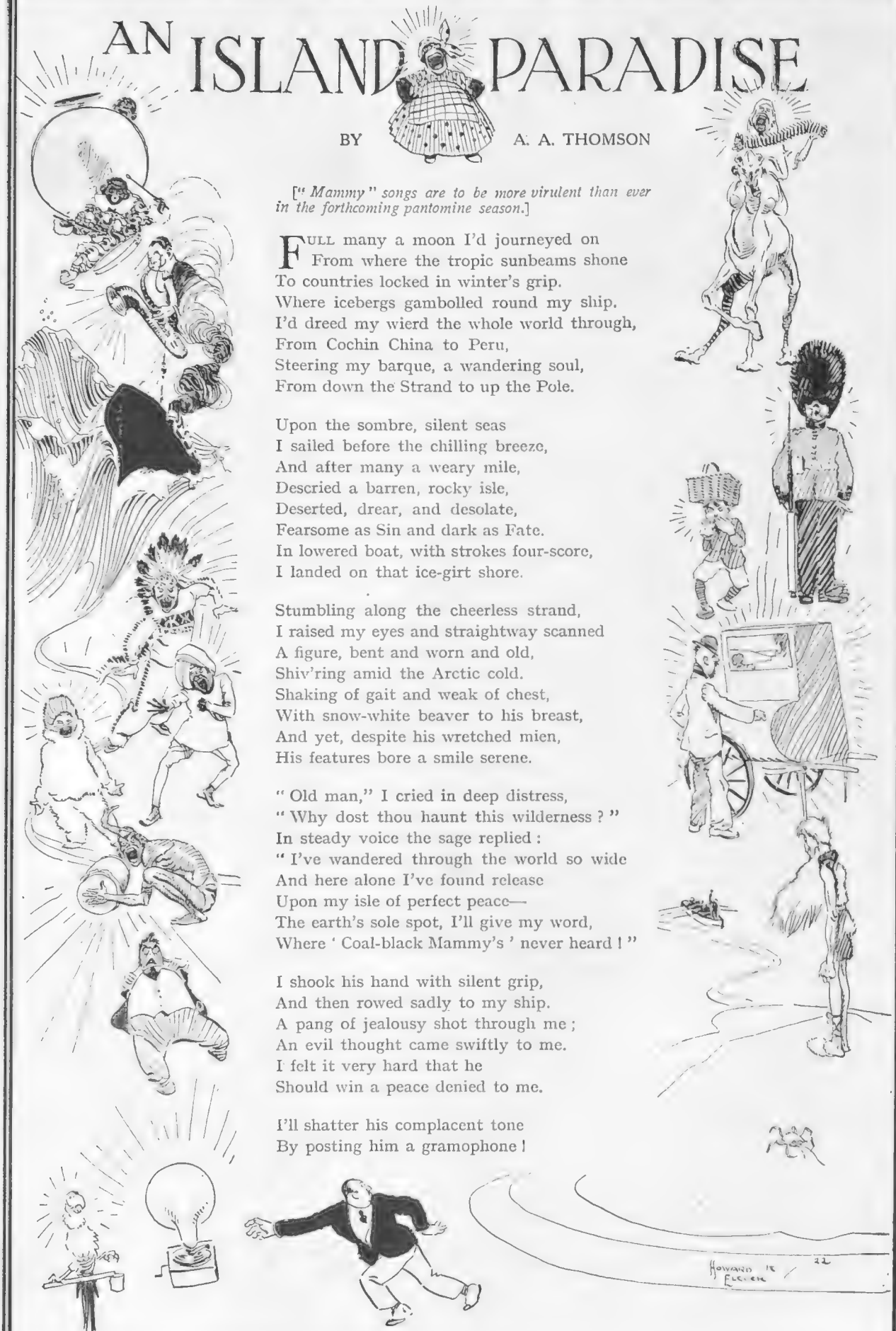
SIDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS MRS ALFRED BUTLER

WHEN BATTLING BUTLER MEETS BATTLING BUTLER

FRED GROVES AND JACK BUCHANAN

AN ISLAND PARADISE

BY A. A. THOMSON



[*"Mammy" songs are to be more virulent than ever in the forthcoming pantomime season.*]

FULL many a moon I'd journeyed on
From where the tropic sunbeams shone
To countries locked in winter's grip.
Where icebergs gambolled round my ship.
I'd dreed my wierd the whole world through,
From Cochin China to Peru,
Steering my barque, a wandering soul,
From down the Strand to up the Pole.

Upon the sombre, silent seas
I sailed before the chilling breeze,
And after many a weary mile,
Descried a barren, rocky isle,
Deserted, drear, and desolate,
Fearsome as Sin and dark as Fate.
In lowered boat, with strokes four-score,
I landed on that ice-girt shore.

Stumbling along the cheerless strand,
I raised my eyes and straightway scanned
A figure, bent and worn and old,
Shiv'ring amid the Arctic cold.
Shaking of gait and weak of chest,
With snow-white beaver to his breast,
And yet, despite his wretched mien,
His features bore a smile serene.

"Old man," I cried in deep distress,
"Why dost thou haunt this wilderness?"
In steady voice the sage replied:
"I've wandered through the world so wide
And here alone I've found release
Upon my isle of perfect peace—
The earth's sole spot, I'll give my word,
Where 'Coal-black Mammy's' never heard!"

I shook his hand with silent grip,
And then rowed sadly to my ship.
A pang of jealousy shot through me;
An evil thought came swiftly to me.
I felt it very hard that he
Should win a peace denied to me.

I'll shatter his complacent tone
By posting him a gramophone!

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"ALL SEATS SOLD." BY "PENDARVES"

LET us put aside all ragging for a moment, to ventilate a matter that has been exercising the minds of most ex-Rugger players for some time past, and is likely to perturb them still more as the great day draws near. We are informed by our usual source of supply, the theatre ticket agencies, or the "Libraries," as they are usually called, for a reason which has always been beyond me, that it makes little difference this year how early ahead you applied for seats for the International at Twickenham (England *v.* Wales on January 20th), because you are extremely unlikely to get any. A horrified questioning elicits the statement that the Rugby Union has decided to sell most of the seats to the Rugby clubs up and down the country, and the great British public can have what is left. It is very difficult to ascertain the extent of the leavings, or the position of the seats therein, but they would seem scanty enough.

The apologia put forward by the controlling body of the game, which incidentally owns the ground on which it is played, and is, therefore, like unto Cæsar, is that the members of the numerous Clubs have expostulated at the invariable difficulty of obtaining seats for International Matches for players and their myriad friends, and have represented very strongly that *they* should be put in a position to buy blocks of seats, before the public are allowed a look in, because *they* support the game, play it, and keep the whole thing going. The result is that the Rugby Union have agreed to the reasonableness of this, and have acted accordingly. So that unless you are a senior wangler, or a Mr. Know-All, the type who always "finds" a seat for everything, somehow, you don't appear this year to stand the proverbial dog's chance of seeing the blue riband of football fought for.

At first blush, of course, the plaint of the Clubs who play the game, and the action of the Rugby Union, who most wisely governs it, seem unanswerable.

But is it wise?

At second blush one realises, when one has had time to recover from the shock, that this snatching of blocks of seats by the Clubs is going to deal out justice to the comparatively few *playing members* only, and that the remaining seats will go to their friends. Why?

Is it fair that the cousin of a friend of the father of a youngster who plays, say, for the "A" Team of the London Scottish should get a seat for the England *v.* Wales match, while, say, a hard working doctor in Harley Street, who has taken a keen personal interest in Rugger ever since he played for the Glasgow Academicals in 1905, can't get one at any price, anywhere? It simply results, of course, in a wholesale amount of unwholesome wangling being perpetrated all over the country by people who have really no right whatever to preference over the mere ordinary, uninfluential rugger-loving public, whose name has become legion.

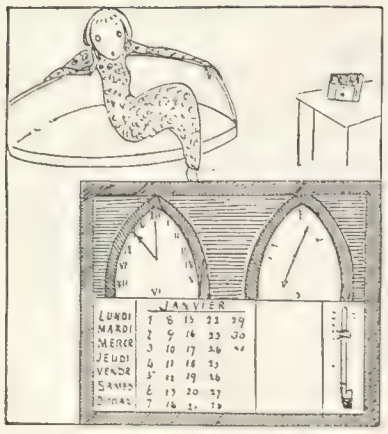
Is it not far wiser, and if one may say so without offence, straighter, to sell the seats for this great National fixture to the general public through the recognised channels, retaining, if necessary (which is doubtful), a very few seats on sale for players themselves, first?

There is another aspect of the matter which one hopes the Rugby Union, in their wisdom, has not overlooked, an aspect which is becoming more manifest every month of the seasons, and this is that it is the *general public* who are supporting the game in ever-increasing quantities. I would go so far as to say, from a careful observation at all the Internationals and most of the important Club fixtures for many years past, that it is the thrill and general atmosphere of an International game that arouses the interest of many thousands of the, hitherto, uninitiated public, and causes them to come and *pay gate money* to the Club games regularly thereafter.

In my humble judgment, and in that of very many irate men who have come to me about it, it is penny wise and pound foolish to discourage the public from the great games and expect them to support the lesser.

I know—few better—the difficulty of pouring a quart measure into a pint pot, as it were, owing to the limitations of the ground, and the unlimited number of people who want to be there; and that whatever line the Rugby Union takes in the future they will always have to face the acrimonious grouser.

I am not that. But all Bystanders are so keen on the popularisation of the game to its fullest possible extent that they have represented to me in large numbers—and I make so bold as to agree with them—that it is injudicious legislation, at a time when Rugby is going ahead so fast in the public enthusiasm, to curb the public's ardour by excluding the bulk of them from, at any rate, a sporting chance in the general scramble and wangle for seats. Nor should they confine their purchase almost entirely to Clubs who, in the great majority of cases, are dependent entirely on the patronage of those against whom they are now closing the door.



DEAR URSULA, *January 2nd*

So much is arranged for us nowadays that we need not even think, but merely sit and contemplate. This delightful arrangement tells the time, weather, temperature, date and days of the week. Why worry?—

PAM IN PARIS

This dress shirt muffler I have bought for Tom's birthday, and I feel so shy writing the letter to accompany it. This excessive modesty will never get me anywhere—it's so "Mid-Victorian."—

Really these stockings are quite too "French" for anything. Russian Ballet figures are embroidered thereon in purple, with jewels for stars in a dash of sky. On flesh silk stockings they are positively striking!

PAMELA

Femina

FRONT-DOORS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THE front-door is important not only because it *is* the front-door, but because, instinctively, one judges the whole house by it. It is almost like a first glimpse inside the house. One begins at once to form an opinion from it of the people who live there. A shabby front-door makes one expect an untidy house, and when I see a house of which the front-door is pink, with pink curtains of exactly the same shade in all the windows, I feel that I know at once the sort of people who live in that house. It is possible that we may sometimes be wrong in these first opinions, but, at any rate, nearly all of us do form them as we wait at the front-door, and that is why we ought to be careful how our own front-doors look.

A FAMOUS comic actor, who lived for many years in Bloomsbury, was famous not only for his acting, but for his front-door. He took great pride in it, and it certainly was one of the features of the neighbourhood. He had it repainted every year a wonderful strawberry colour. That famous door belonged to a time before the bright colours of the present day were fashionable. It would be much less noticeable to-day when the growing taste for brightness has undoubtedly affected front-doors. One sees a variety of colours now where at one time there were only dark greens and browns. Important as it is, the front-door ought not to be made to appear more important than the house. One should see the house first and then the front-door in it. With scarlet and orange in the middle of our sober stucco-work and brick, one sees the door first and then the house round it.

WHITE is becoming even more fashionable than any of the other colours, but of them all it is the least suitable for a front-door in a London house. A white front-door looks neither dignified enough nor strong enough for its important duty. It would be an affectation in a house, in a peaceful English street, to have a door studded with iron. But it is just as much an affectation in the other direction to paint it as if it were no more important than the door of a room inside the house. This use of white paint goes sometimes to absurd lengths. I know a house which the present occupiers took with the front-door already painted white, and when they came to have it repainted they discovered that the door was mahogany! How it came, in the first place, to be painted white I do not know. Probably the white front-door was becoming fashionable in that quarter. But to paint mahogany is like putting wall-paper over wood-panelling. A beautiful wood is better than any paint, and teak and oak are as suitable as mahogany for doors which, without being heavy, should look strong and secure. Unfortunately, we cannot all afford teak, or mahogany, or oak. If we could there would be no need to discuss what colour front-doors should be painted.

THE commonest trouble with painted front-doors is the blistering of the paint, and nothing so quickly makes them look shabby. Blisters have long been a problem to painters themselves. They are caused by the heat of the sun, but the sun will not cause them if there were not something wrong with the paint or with the wood. If the wood is not properly seasoned, or if there are knots in it which have not been covered over, and exude resin, then this dampness under the paint will lead to blisters.

AGAIN, it is most important that the paint which is to be exposed to a strong sun shall be very carefully put on. The oil in the paint makes it elastic. The sun draws it, and to prevent this it is necessary that each coat should be put on so that it unites with the coat below. To ensure its doing this, it must be applied while the one below is still a little soft. In this way all the coats form one. But if each coat is allowed to harden before the next is applied then they remain as separate coats, and blisters are very apt to come.

IF, in spite of treating the knots, and in spite of every care in painting, the paint still blisters, then it is a good thing to paint the front-door with distemper, and then to do it with oil paint and varnish it. Since the distemper, being made without oil, is thinner and much less elastic, blisters are much less likely to come. M. V.

From the coloured etching by Jean Havay

"LA LETTRE"

A "Duck" of a Principal Boy

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DOROTHY WARD

In "Mother Goose" at the Palace Theatre, Manchester. At last we have a charming proof that, after all, ***some*** geese may be swans!

1923 IN DOGDOM

Sketches by NICOLSON

BUSY DAYS FOR DOGGY PEOPLE

By "THE KENNELMAN."

THERE is pretty clearly to be more activity in the doggy world during this New Year than in any previous year since before the War. One knowledgeable member of the Kennel Club writes:

It is something more than recovery from the melancholy conditions forced upon fanciers by the War, for present progress and popular interest look like beating the pre-War years.

"R. P. W.," of Exeter, writes:

Your remarks about recovery from the doggy slump of the War period are fully justified by the facts. Is it not a striking comment thereon to find that the fullest and biggest of all the Christmas Numbers was that of our own journal, *Our Dogs*? 350 pages of first-rate matter. Can that be beaten in any other field? Surely a triumph for Dogdom!

I don't know enough of the others to say for certain if it is the biggest, but 350 pages seems pretty sizeable. It's all about Dogs, and I haven't come across any more interesting Christmas journal. Doggy ladies should approve, as they read Mr. Will Hally's "The Influence of Eve," and the striking leader on the Kennel Club's "Feminine Wing." The ladies have done a lot for Dogs in the last few years, through the L.K.A., as well as the "Feminine Wing" of the K.C.; and, too, be it noted, as individual breeders and exhibitors; the great majority of whom are just as dead set as any men against the cruel folly of making Dogs miserable by senseless pampering. Nothing like first-hand experience in breeding and showing, as a cure for that sort of silliness.

It's an indubitably trousered *man*, and a member of a well-known sporting Dog club, who writes me, saying:

Would it not be a popular thing for all Dog Shows to adopt the plan of the organisers of the Sleeve Dog Show of providing voting papers for the public to secure a ballot to decide which is the best, or the most-liked, Dog in the Show?

A very interesting and attractive feature, no doubt, but a bit difficult to wangle, I should suppose, at such monster turns-out as the K.C. Show, and Cruft's. How about making a small charge for voting papers? That would reduce the numbers, and tend to confine the voting to folk seriously interested in trying to judge. But I apprehend it wouldn't be easy for the average

THE BEST OF THE BRITISH

lover of, say, Yorkshires, to pass an entirely unbiassed verdict on occupants of the St. Bernard, Mastiff, and Wolfhound benches. But I think the public would enjoy the voting. They did at the highly successful Sleeve Dog Show in Jermyn Street last month, where I saw some of the jolliest little Pekingese ever benched; and, be it said, not a sign of anything unwholesomely dwarfish—a most interesting Show.

The Bath Show next May looks like being a big affair; 250 classes already arranged. There was a very smart Show for Dogs *de luxe* in Paris just before Christmas; and in March there'll be Dog Shows in Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Saint Raphael. In France (and in Belgium) Dogs are booming; and I gather that the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine has made quite a lot of difference. The end of January will bring a biggish Dog Show in Croydon, and the first week of next month gives us Cruft's, one of the two biggest Dog Shows in the world. Certain of the foreign breeds are having no end of a vogue in England just now, even apart from the ultra-fashionable Alsatians; but novice fanciers should bear in mind that fashion is a fickle jade, and that, when all's said, the best of the British are the best of the world.

Hound breeders are interested in the recent adventure of a Foxhound; a member of the caste of a performance called *The Highgate Hunt* at the Pavilion Theatre, Glasgow. The Foxhound got away from the theatre—where he would feel about as much at home, I take it, as a Polar bear in Hades—and promptly left Glasgow for the country. Rewards were offered, and the Foxhound was traced, here and there, many miles away. Some days later, "the Renfrewshire Hunt were closing their day, near Houston, about fifteen miles from Glasgow, and while the huntsman sat on his horse calling the hounds together with his horn, Mr. Edward's lost hound, Lumberer, galloped into the Renfrewshire pack"—no doubt congratulating himself in his own natural calling. Alas, poor Lumberer! One gathers the congratulations were, in fact, due to Mr. Edwards, for his good fortune in "recovering the lost Hound." Eheu, Lumberer!

Great as has been the popularity of the Pekingese during the past decade (their vogue this side of Suez dates back no farther than a couple of decades), I'm inclined to think those authorities correct who regard it as still on the up-grade. Next Tuesday, the 9th, the Peking Palace Association holds another Championship Show in the Concert Hall at Olympia. Secretary: Miss Smythe, 9 Lisgar Terrace, Kensington, W. 14.

Precautions against Distemper, winter colds, etc., correspondents, please note, I'll try to win space next week.

Photograph *Alfieri*

INTER-'VARSITY HOCKEY ON THE ICE

The Cambridge Team at Mürren just before a practice. This year's fixture was the seventh Inter-'Varsity hockey match—the third since the war

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE TIDEWAY REGATTA AT PUTNEY

C. F. A. Ramsey's eight, winners of a heat in the Invitation Scratch Eights at the Tideway Boxing-Day Charity Regatta

Photograph *Sport and General*

WINTER CRICKET

Captain Duff Taylor keeping wicket in an Oxford v. Cambridge "pick-up" match at Mürren. Though naturally not of the same importance as the ice hockey fixture, this match, nevertheless, proved a considerable attraction to the numerous undergraduates and their friends now wintering at Mürren

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE LINKS AT CROMER

Major C. O. Hezlet, winner of the Overstrand Challenge Cup at the Royal Cromer Club's Christmas open meeting, with a score of 80 plus 4

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE VICTORIOUS OXFORD TEAM

Oxford beat Cambridge by eight goals to one at Mürren on Christmas day. Had it not been for the sturdy defence of Anderson, the Cambridge goalkeeper, the score would probably have been higher

Bystander Exclusive Photograph

AT ST. MORITZ

Professor Phizner, one of the foremost instructors in Switzerland, at the Carleton Rink with Mrs. Martin

Photograph *P. G. H. Fender*

THE M.C.C. ON TREK

While in the Western Province the M.C.C. team "did" the sights in proper style. Here they are seen at a wayside halt on their journey from Cape Town to Oudtshoorn, the centre of the ostrich feather industry

Photograph *P. G. H. Fender*

THE M.C.C. CROSSING A SPRUIT—A BAGGAGE CAR IN THE DRIFT

The first Test Match played at the Wanderers', Johannesburg, gave South Africa its first cricket Test victory since the war. The second Test, which is now being played on the Western Province ground at Newlands, should give the M.C.C. a better chance of reversing the decision, as the wicket is matting laid on turf—not so fast or so helpful to the Colonial break-bowlers as the matting-on-gravel wickets of the Transvaal

The Morning After

By "BLANCHETTE" *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE.*

"At the Riviera Club"

LONDON, *January* 1

DEAR COUSIN—

MUST positively wish you once more a Happy New Year, I must. They always *will* put it all-in-one-breath with Christmas, in the cards and comps. of the season, I mean, but it's really such a *quite* separate and diff'rent thing, isn't it?

RATHER a shame, really, their being so close together. Rather like having your birthday on Christmas Day, as some poor unfort'nate people I know do, and lose half their presents! Or, for that matter, being one of a lot of sisters, that people have a way of getting mixed up about, or, anyway, lumping all together in their ideas, so that you have to struggle frightfully hard to have any sort of individuality of your own at all.

AND, 'smatter of fact, Christmas is, come to think of it, such a sort of end of old things, so to speak, and the New Year such a beginning of new ones. Most 'portant and d'lightful affair, of course, Christmas, but at the same time, kind of a revel that happens right at the close and conclusion of everything, and doesn't seem to leave much after. Is not it?

'CEPT, of course, the usual headache, and oh! so fearfully funny kind of feeling inside, if you've really tried to celebrate it properly, that is—and if you *haven't*, you're nothing more or less than a mere craven minx and coward. Must say I *do* believe in doing things thoroughly, if at all, and if you don't bob up abs'lutely serenely afterwards you've just got to *pretend* you do—what? After all, that's just about half or three-quarters of the whole philosophy of life, *n'est-ce-pas?*

TO hide your hurts, your wounds. . . . I s'pose it sounds foolish in c'nection with festivals and so on, but in the end I do b'lieve the little's the model of the big, and if you can pass off the little things well, you'll do all right in the great ones. *De l'audace*, someone once said as a motto of life, *de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*

IT's one secret, p'raps, but rather a hard one. Not so easy, I mean, for all of us, to be properly audacious and bold. But *du courage, encore du courage, toujours du courage*—that's a creed which even the youngest and shyest violets among us can all take to, don't you think? Same thing, in a way, but still so different—just as Christmas is diff'rent from New Year.

L'*AUDACE* is in a sort of manner the culminating effort of the dying year. You've finished the job and are all out, so to speak, to do the thing properly. And, b'lieve me, dear cousin, we *did* do it prop. this time, and no error, what with tea-parties and dinners and suppers at the Savoy and Ciro's, and the Berkeley and the Carlton, and the Ritz and the Cecil, and the Waldorf and Murray's—where they've got a lovely new Russian *cabaret* show—or dancing at the Riviera, not to mention, as the perfectly quaint announcement puts it, the Boxing Day "potato tea" at the Empress Rooms. And then. . . .

WELL, *you* know how one wakes up in the morning after a frightfully late party. . . .

"That head-aching, sinking-inside feeling"

And then you pull the curtains open, and the sun comes flooding in, and you realise it's been shining for quite a long while and sort of feel you've wasted quite lots and lots of it. . . . Oh, why *did* I go to that frightfully late affair? Do *wish* I was a nun or a vegetarian or an early Baptist or something, and led a really chaste and early-closing life! If I'd *only* gone to bed at ten last night (as I really *wanted* to) and telephoned to the Embassy that it was all off. . . .

IN spite of all which, we have, to comfort us as the day wears on, the consciousness of our audacity. Terribly tired we are to-day, perhaps, but it was worth it, quite worth it. *Bon* (as they say in France).

BUT, oh! my dear, the New Year mode, it's a much brighter one really. It's the everything-ahead-of-us, lead-a-new-life, start-quite-afresh, and time-for-a-new-movement, and all that sort of thing idea. All ready for quite new and unborn theories (and practices), we are, instead of just revelling in triumph about the old ones.

JUST think, dear cousin, of beginning entirely afresh. Wouldn't it be just too wonderful? To begin right away from the start—a modified start, that is, of course, omitting nurses and bottles, and other little details of the very earliest stages of a brilliant career—with our early youth.

AND our early enthusiasms. Why not, after all, be just as enthusiastic, when Jan. First starts in, as if we were still of years of indiscretion? If we let ourselves go at Christmas, surely still more at the New Year?

SO we'll start quite afresh, shall we—what? Yes, yes, agreed. New Year Resolutions, of course, to push off with. Not ever to celebrate Christmas again, for one thing. Nor ever to do anything elderly and suitable, just 'cos it *is* suitable. And always to listen rather sympathetically to anyone who's young, just 'cos they *are* young, and help the year on in every way, just 'cos it's a young year and young things b'long to it and ought to have every sort and kind of encouragement, whatever happens.

A YOUNG year, my dear . . . isn't it rather a lovely kind of thought? Because young means enthusiastic and caring frightfully about things, and, p'raps, breaking your heart about the ones that don't matter, but still always at least caring. . . . Don't know whether it's a relic of that Christmas atmosphere, but the sort of middle-aged idea of not really caring very much about anything does leave me so awfully *tired*. . . .

REALLY, you know, if you don't mind looking ahead instead of backwards, it's rather a lovely life. As they say in that most charming of Christmas plays, *Through the Crack*, at the Apollo:

> There ain't no bloomin' worry—
> The wind is blowing free . . . .

BLOWS rather too offensively free, sometimes, too, this draughty time of year, does it not? But those little things don't really matter very much when you reflect that this is act'lly and really and truly and genuinely just the beginning of quite a new epoch. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* sort of idea.

CHRISTMAS is dead, *vive* the New Year! *Vive* all the new ideas, in fact, and especially the ones that are going to be rather nice. Such as, f'rinstance, the new frocks. Wherein, 'tween you and me, there's not really going to be *very* much diff'rence since last time, and even the (already designed) spring models don't seem to have anything frightfully new 'cept just rather a fuller skirt.

"A perfectly good Russian show at Murray's"

HAVE you heard, by the way, they've actually tried to ban in Germany the "Four Horsemen" film, the loveliest and *truest* thing in movies we've had yet? Though, must say, from the Hun point of view, don't *altogether* wonder. You simply *must* see it.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Michael Beary

It is quite a common thing in Ireland and on the Continent for jockeys to combine flat-racing and jumping, but it is seldom we find a crack flat-race jockey carrying on under N.H. Rules in this country. The recent success over hurdles of Michael Beary is, therefore, noteworthy. Michael is something of a "character," and is, perhaps, the most "patchy" rider of the day. In one race he will display the brilliance of a really high-class jockey; in another he will shape like a mediocrity.

H. Jones's Ambition

Quite a lot of us thought it was Beary's first success over the sticks, but the statisticians got out the book to unearth the fact that he had previously been successful. He has the right temperament for cross-country racing, but though rumour has for some time coupled his name with a prominent jumping stable I should not think he has any intention of practising regularly. Danny Maher and Steve Donoghue each rode a winner over hurdles, and George Duller has a commission from the evergreen Herbert Jones to find him a "good thing." "I want to ride a winner over hurdles before I retire," says "Bert." And I hope his wish will be gratified.

A New Record?

We have all been wondering whether Jack Anthony will beat brother Ivor's ten-year-old record. It was in 1912 that Ivor rode seventy-eight winners. That total had never been beaten, but Jack equalled it just before the holidays. Then Fate seemed to intervene, for having got on terms in the last furlong, as it were, he took a nasty tumble. This kept him out of the saddle for a few days, but his many friends will rejoice if Jack notches that other point before we pass round the whisky and the haggis. The Anthonys should have a big niche in N.H. history all to themselves.

The Entries

Soon we shall be discussing the entries for the spring handicaps, which are due in Thursday's *Calendar*. We have not heard so much as usual about horses which are to be prepared for the "Lincoln." The man in the street has not forgotten the many reverses he met with last season, and a prominent bookmaker told me the other day the only horse he had laid to money was Soldennis. Anything over twenties has been snapped up, and if rumour does not lie Lord George Dundas will be one of the busiest men on Newmarket Heath in a few weeks' time. Lord George is no longer looked upon as just an enthusiastic amateur. He has won his spurs in the best company, and he knows his business from A to Z. Personally, the first horse I shall look for amongst the entries is Tremola, with whom I have coupled Arravale in a playful double.

West-End Sport

Hurst Park and Haydock are the meetings this week-end. Santavon trounced Old Times and Double Up over the Hurst Park course three weeks ago, but as the first-named now has a 10 lb. penalty the New Year Handicap Hurdle takes on a more open appearance. I am inclined to vote for **Santavon** again. I think **Silvo** should be given another chance in the January Steeplechase, for it was not exactly his fault that he was put out of the race at Kempton. **Old Tay Bridge** is gradually running into form, and a suitable opportunity for him to renew acquaintance with winning form occurs in the Mitre Handicap Steeplechase.

Photograph *Topical*

THE PRESENT MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE, MR. JAMES BAIRD AND HIS WIFE

Off to a presentation to Lord Lonsdale, when, to mark their appreciation of his Mastership from 1915 to 1921, the Landowners, Farmers, and Members of the Cottesmore Hunt last week presented him with a bronze statue of himself on "Patsey" his favourite hunter

BY "THE TOUT"

"GERALD L's"

Owner and jockey, Major F. Scott Murray and Frank Morgan. Both our subjects are staunch adherents of National Hunt Sport. Major Murray's trainer is "Teddie" Gwilt of Lambourn

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Secondary Considerations

Fox hunters in many countries have had all the rain they have been crying for, with some over for make-weight, and horses, instead of thinking tenderly of "the other side" of the fences, have been "chunkin'" into the soft ground and sending up the liquid in showers. It has been on occasion very shivery out with hounds; and that reminds me that some followers should remember that hunting is not a pursuit wholly and always for their benefit, or, to put it another way, there are occasions when their comfort is a secondary consideration.

A Few Suppositions

For example, suppose a certain fox had (it *has* been known!) been too familiar in his attentions to the neighbouring poultry, and suppose

Photograph *Sport and General*

MEET OF THE HEYTHROP

pack, with Jack Lawrence, the new huntsman (centre) outside Skipton Court, the residence of Mr. Graeme Thomson one of the joint Masters. Mr. J. Graeme Thomson is seen in the doorway

ther that when hounds find him l hunt him he gets to ground in a icult place. Suppose, too (I am not pposing too much in all this, believe , that the wind is cold, and the in is cold, and that there is a long it to get the marauder out; then the time for good foxhunters to splay true sporting spirit, and take e period of freezing inactivity with at composure they can muster. For is very necessary, even though it is ery unpleasant; and the Master's dgment should be accepted without sportsmanlike, if subdued, "grous-g." But it isn't always!

bout Spoilsports

ND while I am (gently, I hope) lecturing I may as well go on little farther. As in every other pur-it of life hunting suffers much from ulpractices which could be avoided l only individuals possessed a greater degree of public spirit: in other words, they thought collectively rather than individually (you see I am trying to be nice!). From several countries I ntinue to hear complaints of the selfishness—I really can't avoid the word—of members of the fields who, from over-eagerness, ignorance, or what not persist in spoiling the fun of others as well as of themselves. It is an ever-recurring complaint.

Kicking Against the Kickers

No one should go out hunting without having equipped themselves with—besides a horse and various other materials of the chase—the rudiments of its correct conduct, and with that restraint which the hermit has no need for, but which is an essential item for those who prefer existence in a community. Then there is the evil of kicking horses, which is again attracting attention because of its prevalence. In a crowded country particularly it is detrimental to everyone's enjoyment, and a great deal of it is quite unnecessary. It is no wonder that people are beginning to kick against the kickers. And I think that's all for now.

Photograph *Brigham*

THE MASTER OF THE DERWENT

Mr. Claude Norton of Irton Manor, Scarborough, who took over the mastership of the Derwent last year from Major Lionel Holliday, when the latter went over to the Badsworth as Master and Huntsman

A New Pack

Who says foxhunting is declining? I learn that Cumberland farmers have established a new pack of foxhounds, the hon. secretary of which is Mr. T. Norman Robinson, of Carlisle. Except that the pack is to be called the "Cumberland Farmers' Foxhounds," I have at the moment no further details; but it is intended that hounds shall get busy as soon as possible, and the fixtures will be published in due course. Hunting the fox in Cumberland goes back quite a century and a half. It is a wide area of banks and ditches, and parts are, of course, already covered by foxhounds. It is to be hoped that the new pack will show some good sport among the hardy race of foxes which inhabit "those parts."

Masterships Vacant

Irish packs, everything considered, did pretty well this season so far as Masterships were concerned, and among those who continued in office was Baron de Robeck with the Kildares. I hear, however, that he is retiring at the end of the season, and anyone of an adventurous disposition has an opportunity of indulging his tastes. This country, too, is one of banks and ditches, and is practically all grass. Like the Meath, it extends to Dublin. Or there is the county Limerick, which also wants a Master. Or there is a south-country (English) Master that I know of who is looking for a partner, and this chance would admirably suit a young man who wants to learn things. A.W.C.

The Picadors of Paris

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"Plunged his 'pique' into the arm of some maid"

MES AMIS—

As you well know, by the reputation if not by the experience, it has not been the pronounced habit of the Parisien to shun the close society of the Parisienne. Always they have been understood to have the more accentuated concern for the society of one another than for the separation into two camps, such as the batterers of golf balls and the knitters of jumpers. The separatist tendency, which does compel the notice of a French visitor to England, has not had place in the whirl of Paris.

AU MOINS, the such has been the case until the recent days. But, since a month, this intimacy of association has received a cruel blow. An end has been made to the perfect trustfulness which has hitherto prevailed *de part et d'autre*. As an *ami anglais* has described to me, in the vernacular of his native Birmingham, both sexes "have got the needle."

IT has all begun in one of the *grands magasins*. Some of the *vendeuses* have alleged to have been jabbed with a needle by a mysterious person, who has been so wondrously agile of movement to be able to leap away before the victim has felt the shock of the puncture. Has appeared to be the complete truth in the allegation, because they have been able to display the mark of the beast, and, though the injuries which they have suffered have not been serious, they have been sufficient to debar them from the daily duty for two or three days.

FOR the location of the next attack has been chosen the Métro, where, in the twilight of underground, it has been of the most *facile* for the "picador" to slink stealthily away, as on the films, after to have plunged his "pique" into the arm of some unsuspicious maid or matron. After this the *journaux* have been filled to the brim with the *histoires* of the ladies who have been *piquées* here, there and everywhere.

"If one does keep the hands in the pockets"

ONE long piercing wail of anguish has gone up from the scarified Parisiennes, so affrighted by the danger which there is no possibility to combat, that they have been driven hysterically fearful. Every male has at once become a suspect, capable in the eyes of the startled *sexe faible* to be the bearer of a hidden armoury of poisoned needles, with which to inject the mysterious substance that does drive the victim to the Pasteur Institute. You will understand the purgatory to which the poor Parisien has been consigned.

AS it has not been possible to capture the original maniac who has invented the new terror, a *chasse à l'homme* has been organised, in which the women, the newspapers and the police have combined. And of these the most terrible have been the women, who have been so overwrought by the spectres of the imagination that they have believed themselves to be stabbed by a needle, when the needle has been non-existent.

THERE has been *en effet* a *bonne femme* on the way home from the fish market who has seized the arm of a staid old gentleman and has accused him to have been a *piqueur*, a satanic old villain who ought to have been solacing the shortening days of his elderly wife, by the fireside, instead of to indulge in the vicious pursuit of such a pastime as to poke needles into unknown goodwives. After to have whirled about his arms and beard, in the sheerest consternation, the infuriated old gentleman has been able to point to the market-basket, from which have protruded the nippers of the lobster which the goodwife has forgotten in her fantasies about the *piqueurs*.

(Continued on page 54)

HUMOUR IN THE SCOT

Two myths concerning Scotsmen neea to be exploded. Myth No. 1 is that there is no humour in the Scot. Myth No. 2 is that he is not generous with his money.

A Scot recently "holed in one" the 12th hole on Roehampton Golf Course. He had no caddie (owing to scarcity—not economy) so the popular professional —Gadd—jokingly claimed the usual bottle of Whisky.

Being a humorist the Scot told the pro. to invite his friends for a certain day when the bottle would be delivered. In a goodly sized box he placed the miniature bottle and marked it "little and good."

Besides being a humorist the Scot was a sport, a good golfer, and also a good judge of Whisky, so the miniature was followed by a full sized bottle of Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky.

. . . . .

This Whisky is scarce because the quality is fine. You must pay a little extra to get it. The little extra value is inside the bottle. You need not pay more than 13/- (Home Market) for one bottle unless you have too much money. If you do not say Haig *and* Haig you may get a cheaper Whisky.

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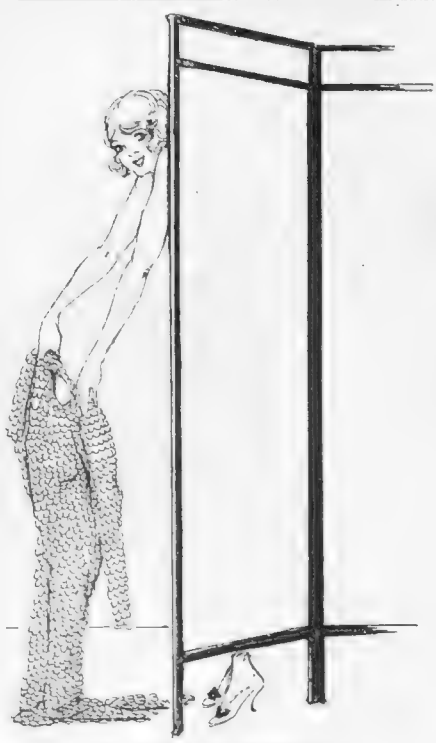
"THE PICADORS OF PARIS" (*concluded*)



"Une cuirasse est indispensable"

HEUREUSEMENT for the respectable old gentleman there has not been the crowd in the vicinity, or he might have been mobbed before he has had the chance to reveal the truth, as has happened in the other instances. The risk to be accused to be a *piqueur* has, indeed, become a far greater peril than the danger to be *piquée*.

HOVERING ever over our heads has been the threat to be arrested at any moment on the mere accusation of some distraught *dame*, and after to have been roughly handled by an indignant mob, to be clapped into prison, there to lie until there is proof that the *accusatrice* has never been pricked by a needle at all. There are the most respectable Parisiens who, in the plight to be absent from Paris when the *epidémie* has commenced, have not dared to return for fear to affront the ordeal.

ONLY those who have their own automobile, or who can afford to take a taxicab whenever they go out of doors are immune. For the others it has become *la vie affreuse*. Always they are under the shadow of the gaol. Not a man is there who does know where to hold his hands in order to declare openly his innocence. If one does keep the hands in the pockets, the women do immediately draw away with the most obvious gesture. If they are kept on the knees, the women glare at them as if to signify their belief that a poisoned needle is concealed between the fingers. Almost the only security should be to hold the hands aloft in the attitude of "Kamerad," but this way to security is only obtained by the loss of the *porte-monnaie*, which is immediately abstracted.

IMAGINE the tortures of the absent-minded husband who has thoughtlessly consented to take home to his little wife a packet of needles and then does recollect the *affaire des piquées* while in the interior of a crowded autobus. Should the cry be uttered, "*J'ai été piquée*," he is sure to be searched, and he will be accused to be not only a *piqueur*, but also a *chef de bande*. As the women have threatened to tear out the eyes of any culprit who is caught in the act, the poor absent-minded husband might well get transfixed by his own needles in the desperation.

"Ou coupe les manteaux"

ALSO are his thoughts likely to leap back to the past when, as a schoolboy, it has been the great joy to place a bent pin on the seat of the teacher, a recollection which is certain to bring the reflection that the punishment of those days would be welcome as an escape from the horrors of the present torture. The peril to be seized and maltreated as a *piqueur* does grow and grow, despite that it has been proved that, except at the commencement, nobody has been *piquée* at all, and that the supposed victims have suffered from the delusions.

SO far the only explanation for the spread of the epidemic has been that of Mme. Blanche Vogt, who has cruelly commented that it is not every one who has a rope of pearls to lose in order to get the name in the newspapers. Like every other evil visitation, however, the *affaire* has had the compensations. Since the apparition of the *piqueur* has terrified the women of Paris, the miscreant who slashed the *manteaux* has vanished. Moreover, there have not been any explosions of the stoves. *C'est déjà quelquechose*. But what shall be the even greater terror which can drive away the *piqueur*. Apparently our only escape lies in something more fearsome. Appalling contingency! ROLAND

A BATH doctor advocates the use of the lethal chamber for "gibbering idiots." Several correspondents write us deprecating the country being put to the expense of another General Election so soon after the last one.

* * *

"THE Albert Hall," says a reporter, describing a recent ball there, "contained no less than 21,000 square feet, entirely dedicated to dancing." . . . Obviously another insidious attempt to popularise cubism.

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OUTDOOR SPORTS.

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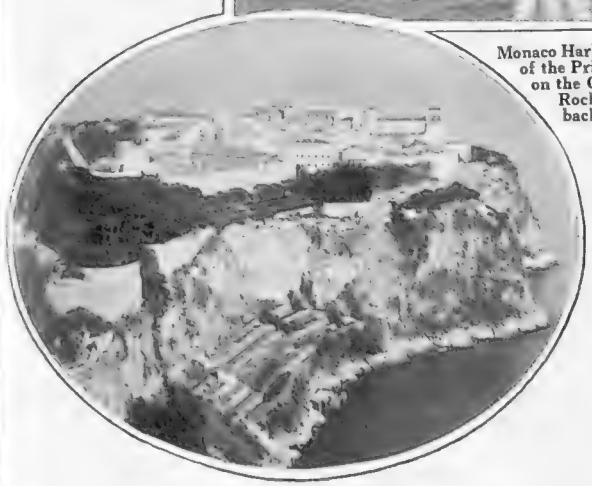
Seaplane Races.
Military Tournament.
International Dog Show.
Floral Fêtes.
Athletic Sports.

Monaco Harbour with a view of the Prince's Palace on the Old Monaco Rock as a background



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The Literary Log

A LOOK ROUND AMONGST THE BOOKS

WHETHER the publishers will follow a popular example set by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and take off a shilling from the price of novels remains to be seen: already, however, there have been tentative efforts to do so, and although the cost of printing and binding remains high, it is just possible that books may be slightly cheaper in the New Year. The trouble is that most people steadfastly refuse to *buy* books. They beg, borrow, or steal books—my own library would be twice as large as it is, were all the books that have been "borrowed" from it to be miraculously returned—but, somehow, they don't buy. True, "cheaps," as those gaudy two-shilling reprints on the bookstalls are known in the trade, sell in their thousands, but almost the whole edition of an ordinary seven-and-six novel goes to the circulating libraries. Which is a deplorable business, if you happen to be a novelist yourself. . . .

❋

ONE good sign for the future is the number of finely produced Collected Editions which we are promised. They, at any rate, are bought. The works of W. H. Hudson, for instance, will be eagerly collected, and not a few book-lovers will thank Messrs. Constable for their new edition of Herman Melville, an undertaking for which, I imagine, that admirable novelist, Mr. Michael Sadleir, one of the partners in the firm, has played chief sponsor. Melville, indeed, is a glorious writer. Have you read *Omoo* or *Typee* or *Moby Dick*? The same publishers are busy with the new and very delightful Mickleham edition of Meredith, of which nine volumes are now ready. I mentioned the earlier volumes as they appeared, but *Beauchamp's Career* and the *Poems* (3 vols., 5*s*. each) came out in time for Christmas.

❋

THERE is, too, a general revival in fine work. A year or two ago we should hardly have expected so splendid a book as *British Sporting Artists* by Walter Sparrow, which the Bodley Head publishes at two guineas; a most admirable book, by the way, which every sportsman will want to possess. And with the smaller books, *belles lettres* and so forth, the old-time care in the matter of appearance is being taken. Nothing could be more pleasant, for instance, to the eye than the two volumes of Mr. J. C. Squire's work, *Essays at Large* and *Books Reviewed* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s*. 6*d*. net each) which are just out. I am one of those readers who like the now popular white label on the back, as is the case with these books, and the printing is exceedingly good. I hasten to add that they are as delightful to read as they are to look at, for Mr. Squire, whether he be solemnly eagling—is this little joke original, I wonder? *Essays at Large* bears the name of Solomon Eagle—or "observing" his contemporaries *in propria persona*, is refreshingly piquant.

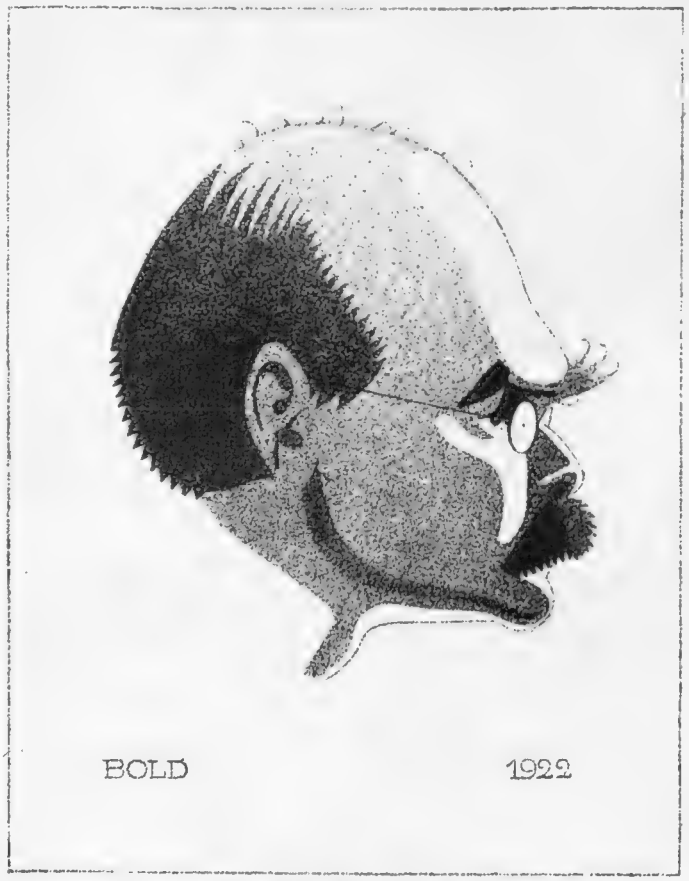
❋

AS for the good things to come, they may be more numerous than usual in the spring. The General Election came late, but not late enough to keep back certain books. Of these, perhaps, the most important is Kipling's *History of the Irish Guards*, and I hazard a guess that it will be wholly unlike most regimental histories. Of the other books I have no space to speak, but in the autumn there may be another volume by Norman Douglas, and that is coming to be a little literary event. He writes to say that he has finished a new travel-book on the lines of *Alone*, this time an account of a pilgrimage through Austria. There is no one writing to-day quite like Douglas—will there ever be another *South Wind*?—and sooner or later he, like the other great ones, will have to be "collected."

❋

STAGE memories have an interest of their own, and there will be many theatre-goers to enjoy the Stage Cat's volume, *From The Wings* (Collins: 15*s*. net), edited by Elizabeth Fagan. The Cat is certainly not cattish, but she is vastly entertaining. She knows her world inside out, and can take the rough with the smooth, with a tolerant smile and a humorous—whisker. There is much of the Bensons and their company, and little tales of the great ones in London. So we see Tree being bested, for instance, and have a taste of Mrs. Pat's wit, and learn a little of poor Lewis Waller's kindnesses—was ever a man more popular than "Will"?—and are told of ridiculous mishaps on the stage. Some of the stories are old favourites, but the Stage Cat has kept her ears open, and has many a new one to relate.

RALPH STRAUS.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING
A clever caricature of this well-known writer by Bold

A Dwindling Order

"Since the death of Queen Victoria in 1901," says Mr. Arthur Hesilrige, the editor of *Debrett's*, in his interesting 1923 Preface "no fresh appointments have been made to the Order of Victoria and Albert which, in memory of Prince Albert, she instituted in 1862, exclusively for ladies. Although it consists of four classes, the dwindling number of living recipients of the Order indicates its total extinction in the not far distant future." The new 1923 edition of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* (Dean and Son) is published at 75*s*.—a considerable reduction.

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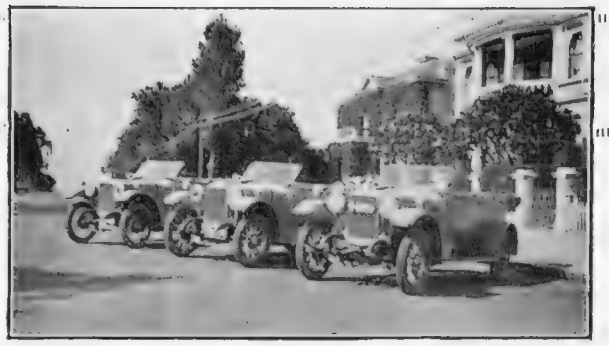
MOTOR NOTES



THE SUNBEAM'S PLACE IN THE SUN
Three models of this popular car in Princes Street, Auckland, N.Z
The Sunbeam is on top—even "Down Under"

It was rather a pity that the 30 h.p. interior-drive limousine Armstrong-Siddeley car completed its 15,000 miles road test under the Royal Automobile Club at the time of the Motor Show. For a car to stand incessant road running twenty-four hours per day for this huge distance, equal to practically two years' road use for the ordinary owner, and show practically no signs of wear, is to place a *cachet* on this make that should mean many orders. The drivers were changed every eight hours, but the car got no rest except when halted to fill up with oil and petrol. Only 3·2 gallons of water were added to the radiator in the 15,000 miles, and the fuel consumption was 21·2 miles to the gallon and 6,607 miles for every gallon of oil. The tyres, our good old friend Dunlop cord variety, lasted the whole journey. Three actually did it, but the fourth had to be changed because of a defective rim, though the car's weight was just over two tons in running order. In fact, but for the defective rim, which was loose on the near back wheel, and a defective ball race, also on this wheel, the run was accomplished without any trouble. The fourth tyre was only off for 694 miles, and completed the trial, as it only lost this distance by being removed with the wheel, and was replaced on the car as soon as possible. The makers of the Armstrong-Siddeley car can well be proud of the whole performance, which has shown that a British car is reliability itself.

* * *

There is one feature that the 15,000 mile trial of the 30 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car brought forward to my mind, and that was that the electric starter motor was functioning erratically at the end of the trial. Now I did not get a report on the batteries, but I strongly suspect that, on a continuous day and night journey like this long trial road run, the dynamo did not give these batteries enough recharging during the day time to make up for the long discharge of the nights, together with the starting and stopping at meal times. What happens is that the batteries get weaker and weaker, so that the motor-starter gets weaker, too, due to more electricity being taken out from the cells than put back again with the dynamo. And especially would this be the case with an R.A.C. trial, as the average road speed must not exceed twenty miles an hour. So, unless the dynamo was specially set, the charging rate would not be very high. My own experience, especially in winter time, is that it is most essential that the battery should be given a charge from a charging plant or electricity station, so as to get the cells fully charged, once a month or so, if the car is in constant use with a lot of night driving. Few owners realise what a large amount is discharged every time the starter button is pressed, as 650 ampères for half a minute take some putting back at a five ampère charging rate. Half the starting-from-cold troubles arise from this depleted battery condition. Old Hy.

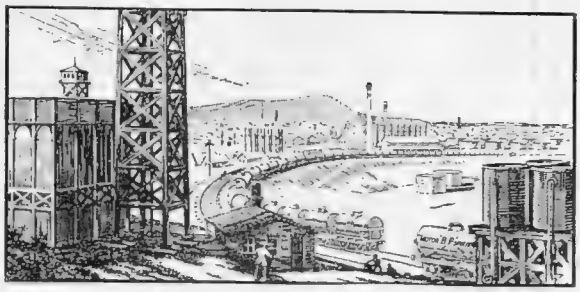
WANTED
A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty; beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

Fill in the entry form on page VI of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.
Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*
The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.



Three Years of Work —Three Millions of Money

This is what it cost to build the great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd., at Llandarcy, Wales, where "BP" Motor Spirit is made.

No expense has been spared, no resource of chemical and industrial science has been neglected to make this refinery the most efficient in existence. It represents the newest and highest development of refining practice.

With the best possible crude oil—the product of the famous Persian field—and the best possible refinery, the refined product is bound to be also the best possible. And the "Best Possible" is "BP."

"BP" is the only entirely British Petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.

British Capital—British Enterprise—British Labour.

MOTOR BP SPIRIT

British Petroleum Co. Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C.3
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

14/60 h.p. SUNBEAM with touring body and equipment. Front wheel brakes, operated by Servo motor, £125 extra. **£1,220**

Other touring models are:
14 h.p. 4-cylinder ... **£685** 16/40 h.p. 4-cylinder ... **£895**

For fuller particulars see Company's Catalogue, sent post free on request.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* . . . . . Moorfield Works.
LONDON . . . *Showrooms & Export Dept.*, 12, Prince's St., Hanover Sq., W.1.
" . . . *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3
MANCHESTER . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 106, Deansgate
" . . *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 258/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste
NEW YORK . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 23, West 57th Street.

For Your Note Book.

Note the unusual neatness of the tailored Overland Side Curtains.

Note their rigidness.

Note the light-penetrating windows.

Note that all door sections open and close with the doors.

Note their perfect harmony with the lines of the car.

Note their practical utility and the result—extreme riding and driving comfort.

Note to write us for full particulars of the 1923 British Built Overland 2/3 Seater, with Double Dickey, and the name of your nearest dealer.

British Built Model, 2/3 seater, with double dickey £350. British Built Model All-Weather Touring Car £365. Sedan £395. Three-quarter Landaulet £495. All-Weather Model (Beatonson) £465. Standard Model Touring Car £268.

Overland

Willys Overland Crossley Limited,
British Factory and Sales Dept.: Manchester.

Showrooms: 151/153, Great Portland St., London, W.1.
London Service Depot: 111, Lots Rd., King's Rd., Chelsea.

APOLOGY

CIRO PEARLS, Ltd., tender their regrets to any client who, in the abnormal pressure of Christmas shopping, did not receive the usual prompt service and careful attention. As they insist on having no dissatisfied customers, they will be only too pleased to replace any article bought at that or any other time that does not give the fullest satisfaction.

Ciro Pearls

have attained their world-wide supremacy by the exactness with which they reproduce the lustre, colouring, sheen, texture and weight of real Oriental Pearls.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money.

Write for our Illustrated Booklet, No. 7, post free.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

By Appointment.

FOR BOY *and* GIRL DANCES

BULMER'S CIDER CUP

BULMER'S Champagne Cider makes a most delicious and refreshing "Cup." Being made by the same costly process as the best wines of France, its effervescence is natural.

It is inexpensive, pure, palatable and stimulating—an ideal drink for boy and girl dances.

RECIPE.—1 Bottle of Bulmer's Cider, assorted fresh fruit, 1 small soda, slice of lemon, 1 sherry glass of Grenadine.

Other Cider Cup recipes on application.

BULMER'S POMAGNE

Champagne Cider de Luxe

For Parties, Dances, Masonic and other Banquets.

H. P. BULMER & CO., Ltd., Hereford.

London and Export: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd. London Bridge, S.E. 1.

3

America's Finest Tobacco

1/3½ per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
5/2 ¼lb. Tin

GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

G.B.15

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

Have you seen the new Hillman?

The 11 h.p. Hillman All-Weather Four-Seater £450.

11 h.p. All-Weather Two-Seater .. £430
11 h.p. All-Weather Four-Seater .. £450
11 h.p. Coupé Two-Seater £495
11 h.p. Coupé Four-Seater £530

¶ Extract from the "Daily Express," 6th November, 1922.—"The new Hillman Models have an entirely new design of convertible bodies that cannot fail to make an instant appeal to those who appreciate bodily comfort. They are cleverly thought out, of excellent workmanship, and have side windows of celluloid that are a great advance on those usually seen. The hood construction is a Hillman patent, and is one of the many clever features that put them in a class apart. The price is astonishingly low when the sturdiness of the 11 h.p. chassis and the excellence of the body work are taken into consideration."

Specification and full particulars from:—
The Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., Coventry.

London & Home Counties Distributors:
Messrs. Coppen, Allan & Co., 143, Great Portland St., W.1

The Guaranteed Car

Hillman

Some Sprites of the Cabaret Spirit

Photograph FOLLOWING FOLLY *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gertrude Lawrence and the Folly Girls in "A Gipsy Night in June," one of the items in the new Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MARJORIE BROOKS

As she appears at the new Grafton Galleries Cabaret, which has made such a successful start

MISS MARY MARLOW

EARL THURSTEN

Who is Miss Marlow's clever pianist-partner at Rector's new Cabaret show. They have recently arrived from the States

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

MISS FLORA LEA

The Ziegfeld Follies star, in an Eastern scene at the Queen's Roof Cabaret Follies

The Spirit of Cabaret is steadily growing—five different "Follies" are flourishing now in Town, and—*on dit ça*—there are more to follow. The cult of the Cabaret appears to have come to stay, despite the dismal head-shakes of those killjoys who prognosticate that "trouble follows folly." Thus slowly but surely does the winter of our London discontent disperse

Full of Promise

BY NORMAN KEENE

"19"_____"23"

Fashions Fancies

SALE SHOPPING

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Bargain in Sports Garments

THE blue pencil has been drastically used by Burberry of the Haymarket, with a view to rendering their annual winter sale, which makes a start on Monday, January 1, a record affair. It is, as goes without saying, a rare chance alike for men and women to acquire garments that are world famed for sound value at greatly reduced prices, notably the renowned Burberry weather-proof, that has been marked down to 73*s.* 6*d.* This, if not exactly a life-time friend, is one assured of seeing its owner through many years hard wear and tear.

Much success has followed the extended attention given during the past year to boys' and girls' overcoats, the surplus stock of which is included at tempting reductions in the sale, together with a lot of smart top-coats for ladies, just arrived from Paris, that will surely sell as the proverbial hot-cakes. An illustrated sale catalogue, by the way, containing a full general description of the garments, will be sent post free on application.

The Winter Quality Sale

THE name of Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, is indeed suggestive of "quality." Only two sales a year are held here, and only the usual fine quality goods are offered for purchase. The present January clearance commenced on December 28, and will conclude on January 27, and whether one visits the establishment early or late there is never any doubt as to the solid worth of the bargains.

Where all is so good and the choice so exhaustive, it is difficult to particularise, though special attention is due, perhaps, to the very substantial reductions placed on some fine quality gabardine coats and skirts, and also on two of the firm's standard and beautifully tailored sports skirts, fashioned of check and striped tweeds that have been marked down to 15*s.* 11*d.* And 4½ guineas is surely a knockout price for a smart velour suit, with fur collar to tone, and 45*s.* 9*d.* for a useful country costume in overcheck tweeds. During the sale, moreover, Woollands undertake alterations at very moderate charges.

The Best in Tasteful Dress

IN accordance with the general plan, the necessary rebuilding of the important corner premises they occupy in Regent Street, Jay find it imperative to dispose of all their surplus stock absolutely regardless of cost, otherwise space would be lacking for the fresh spring goods shortly to arrive from Paris. The bargains offered in many cases come out at less than half the cost of production, and included in these are evening and visiting dresses, coats and skirts, mantles, tea-gowns, millinery, *lingerie*, furs, etc., all, let it be well borne in mind, exclusive to Jay, and hall-marked by that particular *cachet* so long associated with the firm.

As an instance there are several smart, stylish coats, no two alike, built of high-grade brown velour cloth, trimmed with a deep collar of beaver rabbit, and lined rich brown satin, reduced from 21 guineas to 12½ guineas. A quantity of new style wool jumpers falling to 28*s.* 6*d.* and a range of artificial silk in modish colourings to 3 guineas. These are especially worth noting, also some charming lace alpaca-wool dresses at 4½ guineas, and silk and wool knitted costumes at 6½ guineas.

Two Weeks More

SHORT, sharp, and incisive are to be the sale doings at Goochs, Brompton Road, S.W. Starting January 1 everything in every department will be found appreciably reduced, but as the stock, in a really genuine sale such as this, varies considerably it would only cause confusion and disappointment to attempt a sale list. At the same time, there are just one or two outstanding features that should be made for as speedily as possible, such as a range of those splendid, heavy crêpe de Chine "Celes" shirts, all sized necks, that Gooch is clearing at £2. The reason for this alluring reduction is possibly due to the fact that there are only two coloured stripes, respectively pink and mauve, but even so, it is a "Celes" shirt, and that speaks volumes.

Another special line comprises a lot of girls' wrap coats in a splendid heavy serge blanket cloth, half lined *foulard*, from 29*s.* 11*d.* a 30-inch length, rising 2*s.* each

A SMART COSTUME

A dark grey cloth skirt, with a coat of figured cloth of lighter shade and black fur collar, forms an attractive "ensemble" in this model by Morel

Photograph by H. M. Talma

successive size. Millinery in the guise of *chic* little pull-ons of duvetyn and stitched cloth commence at 15*s.* 9*d.*, trimmed millinery at 21*s.* 9*d.*, while all French models are marked half-price.

In the shoe department there is a lady's black box-calf, welted, lace shoe, with Cuban heels, going at 20*s.*, together with many other footgear bargains; also well worth following up are Cardigan coats at 10*s.*, and some of brushed wool at 29*s.* 6*d.* There must, however, be no standing upon the order of going to Goochs sale as the time is now all too short.

Hallowed by Time and Reputation

LIBERTY'S sales are incomparable. A law unto themselves, these people pursue their own course, designing and manufacturing their own materials and models regardless of what the general world dictates. On this bulwark of individuality there has been built up a world-wide fame, and the clearances at Chesham and India Houses, Regent Street, are consequently eagerly anticipated, when a year's accumulation of remnants, trial pieces and surplus stocks of silks, satins, crêpes, silk velvet, velveteens, etc., all exclusive specialities, are offered at prices available to the most modest purses. While for those about to set up, or do up their homes, it is the rarest of chances to secure beautiful and artistic furnishing fabrics at sensational reductions.

In cretonnes, for instance, Liberty's have 55,000 yards in a large variety of effective designs and colourings, 31 inches wide, ranging in price from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 11*d.* the yard, qualities originally valued at 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 11*d.*, 3,000 yards of 50-inch tapestry, in particularly useful wearing colours and combinations, being reduced from 27*s.* 6*d.* the yard to 17*s.*6*d.*, and 2,500 yards of the most fascinating striped taffetas of heavy quality and many colours, the sale price of which is 5*s.* 11*d.* instead of the original 12*s.* 6*d.*

Unprecedented Knitted Suits

IT is difficult to find words in which to adequately convey the extraordinary value in the adjoined illustrated smart knitted suit, a production of Messrs. Watt Bros., Ltd., 117, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. Primarily, it is important to mention that it is a genuine Scotch knit of the finest pure wool and of really superlative workmanship. The style and fit are equally impeccable, the ribbing of both skirt and coat serving to enhance the handsome appearance, and, incidentally, the wear. A ribbed knitted skirt does not knee like plain knitting, while the coat keeps its hang far better.

Furthermore, this suit finds expression in the four following colourings: Light, black, and white marl, dark blue and white marl, light brown and white, and dark brown and white. And Messrs. Watt are pleased to forward a model on approval, cash with order, at the special price of 2 guineas. It is really only necessary to send waist measurement and skirt length for the transaction to prove complete and satisfactory, for once seen and worn the most fastidious could desire no better.

A SMART KNITTED SUIT
From Messrs. Watt Bros., Ltd., 117, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
Sketched by Betty Nisbet

It is almost an unbelievable offer, taking into consideration the quality of the wool used, the Scotch knit, and the above-mentioned sartorial details. But Messrs. Watt will surely reap a rich harvest in large sales for such a spirited piece of enterprise.

An Appreciable Saving in Linen

ONLY those who love and take pride in a well-stocked linen cupboard, and have had to watch their possessions diminishing for so many years on account of the high prices, will be able to appreciate at their real worth the amazing bargains provided by Robinson and Cleaver of Belfast and Regent Street.

It is years since such an astounding offer greeted us as bleached all pure linen damask table-cloths at 10*s.* 11*d.*, 2 by 2 yards, or 13*s.* 9*d.* 2 by 2½ yards, and 16*s.* 6*d.* 2 by 3 yards, sums that represent less than the cost of the cotton. Other lines specially emphasised are real Irish damask cloths and dinner napkins, soiled or slightly imperfect, at half price, all of superfine quality.

Simply astounding value, again, are some real Irish linen hemstitched sheets, 2 by 2¾ yards, easily worth 38*s.* 6*d.* the pair, that are being cleared at 29*s.* 11*d.*, 100 dozen linen pillow-cases, size 20 inches by 30 inches, being marked 17*s.* 6*d.* for six, a like size in cotton cases standing at the sale price of 2*s.* 4*d.* each.

Superfine Silk Stockings

WE all wear silk stockings these days, but only the fortunate are able to indulge in those of extra fine quality, built exclusively for Lemaitre, of Paris, whose London depot is 45, New Bond Street. Of course, it is only the initial outlay that costs, because Lemaitre's hosiery, in addition to being fashioned of the purest silk and woven with the most infinite care, have extra wide tops and special splicings to resist the pull of the suspender, so quickly devastating to the cheaper, poorer qualities.

But now is the moment for the majority who have to content themselves at ordinary times with what they can get and pay for, to acquire this superfine hosiery at New Bond Street, where for cash down there can be bought a quality known as 44 gauze for 22*s.* in lieu of 30*s.*, the next drop occurring in a model usually 26*s.* 6*d.* now 19*s.*, and so on down the scale, to a range with lisle feet strongly, recommended for walking, reduced from 17*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.*, a sum only too frequently disbursed for very inferior articles with a limited life.

Remnant Days Every Friday during January

BARGAIN values in piece materials have always been an outstanding feature of the multifarious attractions at the annual winter sale held by D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, since sufficient dress and blouse lengths in every imaginable wool and silk fabric can be bought at approximately half price to last the year through.

There is, for example, a wool marocain 52 inches wide, one of the season's most fashionable weaves,

(*Continued on page* viii)

THE
BYSTANDER

No. 996.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, January 3, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 36.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1.

Branch Office: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W. 19.
Telephone: Wimbledon 80.

REDUCED PRICE, £4,500, FREEHOLD.

KENT.

About 1 mile from station on the S.E. and C.Rly.

XVIIITH CENTURY RESIDENCE, equipped with modern conveniences, yet still retaining the fine old characteristics of the period and enjoying a quiet and rural position. Containing: 11 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 staircases, lounge, handsome billiard room, 3 reception rooms, complete offices.

Garage and 3 cottages, glasshouses, other outbuildings; well-established gardens, meadowland, orchard, and spinney, in all over 19 ACRES.

OWN ELECTRIC LIGHT. CO.'S WATER. TELEPHONE.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (K.25862)

BURNHAM-ON-SEA, SOMERSET.

5 minutes from the celebrated Golf Course.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, an exceptionally ARTISTIC HOUSE, conveniently planned and substantially built: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and compact offices.

CO.'S GAS AND WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, etc.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (W.38314)

CITY MAN'S IDEAL DAILY JOURNEY.

MAIN SOUTHERN LINE.

A CONVENIENT AND CHARMING HOUSE.—Facing South on gravel soil. 30 minutes out. Well-fitted and recently the subject of a large outlay. Electric light. Telephone. Co.'s water and gas. Garage. Main drainage.

Lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms, 5 best and 2 servants' bedrooms bath (h. and c.).

The GROUNDS include tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, etc.

For Price, FREEHOLD, apply to the Sole Agents,

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (K.20851)

FARNHAM.

500 FEET ABOVE SEA. GLORIOUS VIEWS.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

GRANDLY SITUATED SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE, under 2 miles from Farnham Station, amidst lovely country, and standing in 3 ACRES: 6 bedrooms, hall, 3 reception, bath; garage and stables; cottage.

Choice grounds, full-sized tennis or croquet lawn, and fine orchards.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.

SOMETHING EXCEPTIONAL.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20 St. James' Square, S.W.1. (S.33351)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

4 miles from the County Town.

Golf at Minchinhampton, Etc.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, with early possession, a very attractive old-fashioned HOUSE and about 16 ACRES: hall, 2 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms, and offices, with dairy, etc.

Garage, stabling, and other useful farm buildings; paddock, orchards, meadows, tennis lawn, etc.; close to village.

Full particulars from
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (W.38247)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: {Western 1 (85 lines), Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

SUSSEX.

ARUNDEL AND PETWORTH (Between).

CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE, with original oak-beamed ceilings; beautiful situation, glorious views over the Downs.

PRICE £8,750 (OR NEAR OFFER).

EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING OLD-FASHIONED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a rural position, convenient for 2 stations, post office, etc.: hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and offices.

Lodge, 3 cottages, garage, outbuildings. Excellent water supply.

Modern sanitation. Artistically laid-out pleasure grounds, which have recently been the subject of a very large expense; full-sized croquet lawn, double tennis lawn, formal gardens, rockeries, choice collection of ornamental trees and shrubs, 2 large kitchen gardens, orchard, range of glasshouses, and paddock, in all about 12 ACRES. Excellent sporting facilities.

Full particulars of the Sole Agents,
HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

READING AND BASINGSTOKE.

BEAUTIFUL TIMBERED COUNTRY. SOUTH ASPECT

PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE, standing in parklike grounds, occupying a choice position, 250 feet above sea level: lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, dressing-room, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices.

MODERN DRAINAGE. ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.

Model farmery, stabling, and garage. Excellent cottage if desired.

Well-matured pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, and meadowland, in all about 30 ACRES.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £7,500.

Inspected and strongly recommended.
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

£2,400 WITH 10 ACRES.

HERTS AND CAMBS BORDERS.

Convenient for town and on the outskirts of quaint old village.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and complete offices.

CO.'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE

Stabling, farmery, garage, cottage. Delightful old-world grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, prolific kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all 10 ACRES.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Delightful situation. Beautiful views.

PRICE ONLY £1,900.

VERY DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a splendid position, convenient to station, etc.: hall, 3 reception, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices.

CO.'S GAS AND WATER. MODERN SANITATION.

Garage. Attractive pleasure grounds, including lawn, flower beds and borders, and productive kitchen garden, with fruit trees, in all about one-third of an ACRE.

Sole Agents,
HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

High and healthy position; glorious views.

PICTURESQUE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE, within easy reach of 2 stations, and convenient for post office, shops, etc.: hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices.

CO.'S WATER. MODERN SANITATION.

Garage, stabling, and outbuildings; attractive pleasure grounds, well laid out, and including croquet and other lawns, flower beds and borders, pergolas, kitchen gardens, with fruit trees; also heated glasshouse, the whole covering an area of about 1¼ ACRES.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,000.

Sole Agents,
HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

Auctioneers, Land Agents and Surveyors.

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, W.1, AND STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, GLOS.

Telephone { Grosvenor 1427 ,, 2716

Telegrams: "Audconstan, Audley, London"

THIS BEAUTIFUL SURREY COTTAGE with: 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath, and usual offices; 2 cottages and about 5 ACRES.

Price reduced to £2,600.

Full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

FINE RESIDENTIAL SPORTING ESTATE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, approached by drive of ½ mile, with lodge, contains: hall, 5 reception, bath, 16 bed and dressing rooms, ample offices, and outbuildings. Good views. Gravel subsoil. Excellent water. Stabling. Home and other farms, with buildings. Several small holdings. Cottages.

AREA NEARLY 700 ACRES.

Easy reach good town and junction, with fast trains to London in 75 minutes. Excellent shooting.

Inspected and confidently recommended by the Agents,

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

GENTLEMEN'S PLEASURE FARMS.

NORTH DEVON.—Beautiful position, 600 ft. up, facing South. Approached by drive, the House, surrounded by gardens and farmlands of 45 ACRES, contains: 4 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms, and usual offices. Cottage, stables, and farm buildings. Low price.

Full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

SALOP BORDERS.—Extremely well-appointed RESIDENCE with: 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms, and offices, including dairy. Magnificent position, promising RENEWED HEALTH WITH OCCUPATION. Total area over 200 ACRES, practically all pasture, with good buildings. *Sport of all kinds in abundance.* For SALE.

Full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

WILTS.—In a grand Hunting centre, delightful old FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE, charmingly decorated and in excellent order throughout, containing: lounge hall, billiard, and 2 reception rooms, bath, 6 bedrooms, and usual offices. Capital buildings. *Valuable grass farm of 200 Acres*, with 30 Acres woodland. Confidently recommended as result of inspection. *Rental value of land alone affords good percentage on entire outlay.*

Full details from Sole Agents,

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

SURREY.—Delightful Old ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE, containing a quantity of old oak beams and panelling, with lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics, and usual offices. Ample farm buildings in good condition and 200 ACRES of good sound agricultural land, including some very valuable water meadows.

Within easy daily reach of Town.

Price and full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

SUSSEX.—In the lovely Ashdown Forest District. The House contains: lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices. Capital farm buildings and about 48 ACRES, mainly pasture. Possession on completion.

Full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

"LIGHTING & COOKING IN THE COUNTRY"

The "SILVERLITE"

A wonderful Labour Saver.

A generator starting and stopping automatically and so simple that it can be attended to by a maid.

THE generator, well known for its great reliability and wonderful economy.

Instal a "SILVERLITE," giving a soft light more brilliant than electric at a fraction of the cost.

NON-EXPLOSIVE
NON-POISONOUS

The only machine working with motor petrol without waste.

The "Silverlite" system — The only one in which all fittings are supplied with switch taps.

Write for particulars.

SPENSERS

6B, London Street,
(Opp. Paddington Station)
LONDON, W.2.
And at Edinburgh.

CARRON FIREGRATES hold a premier position in the home and are in sympathy with any period or style of furnishing, from Elizabethan to present-day designs.

By Appointment Ironfounders to H.M. the King.

Sold by all Ironmongers and Hardware Merchants.

Firegrate Catalogue No. 84A, post free on request.

CARRON COMPANY Works: CARRON, STIRLINGSHIRE. Branch Works: PHŒNIX FOUNDRY, SHEFFIELD.

Showrooms: LONDON—15, Upper Thames St., E.C.4; (West End) 50, Berners St., Oxford St., W.1. LIVERPOOL—Roderick St. GLASGOW—Buchanan St. EDINBURGH—George St. BRISTOL—Victoria St.

" Nature alone won't wave the Hair,
Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."

Hinde's Hair Wavers in different patterns are obtainable at all Stores, Hairdressers and Drapery Houses. Crude imitations which are hurtful to the hair may be sometimes offered. It is necessary to see that the name "Hinde's" is on each article.

Hinde's Limited, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes and articles for the Dressing Table. 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C., and Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO-TONE FOR GREY HAIR.

TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores, **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8d.**

Geo. R. Sims Co., 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

WALPOLES' SALE

NOW PROCEEDING.

Sale Catalogue Post Free.

A typical example of the Exceptional Bargains to be secured in our well-known Frocks and Blouses.

BK 13.

SMART STRIPED ZEPHYR FROCK, with black patent leather belt, collar and cuffs white pique, finished crossway bind of self material. Sizes 44 and 46. In Lemon only. Usual price 29/6.

Sale Price,

15/9

POST FREE.

BK 13

These Goods cannot be sent on approval. Money returned if not approved.

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8

Superfluous Hair. Run no Risks.

One application safely and speedily removes all unwanted hair if you use

DECOLTENE

THE LIQUID HAIR REMOVER.

No messy powders to mix, no risk and no possibility of harming the skin. Simple instructions with each bottle, sufficient for over a hundred applications, at 3/9.

If any difficulty in obtaining, a first supply will be sent direct from the manufacturers on receipt of remittance, post free.

Have you had a Dinkie Brochure? Contains valuable beauty hints, post free on application.

ROBARTES (1922) LTD.,

(Dept B.) Hazlitt House, Southampton Bldgs., London, W.C.2.

DIADEM VANISHING CREAM.

A most exquisite skin food sold in dainty snowball jars. It is a perfect day cream which feeds the skin tissues and promotes a firm, clear skin, and ensures a delicate bloom, at the same time protecting the skin against the vagaries of the British climate. PRICE **3/9**.

PIVER

Complexion Powders Now Reduced to

FLORAMYE
AZUREA
MISMELIS

3/-

PER BOX

GERBERA
POMPEIA
LETREFLE
INCARNAT

The same high quality, velvety adherence and delightful fragrance.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

L·T·PIVER PARIS

CLEARANCE REDUCTIONS

Off Story's entire stocks of

Furnishing Fabrics, Carpets, Furniture, Upholstery, Antiques, China & Glass, etc.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Jan. 8 to 13.

Only Story's regular Showroom goods will be offered for cash.

STORY'S

Kensington.w

STORY & CO., LTD., 49/53, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

Miss Edna Best wearing her "L.B." Velour. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 727.

In a good range of the Season's Colours.

Special Reduced Prices during January only - - 39/6

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

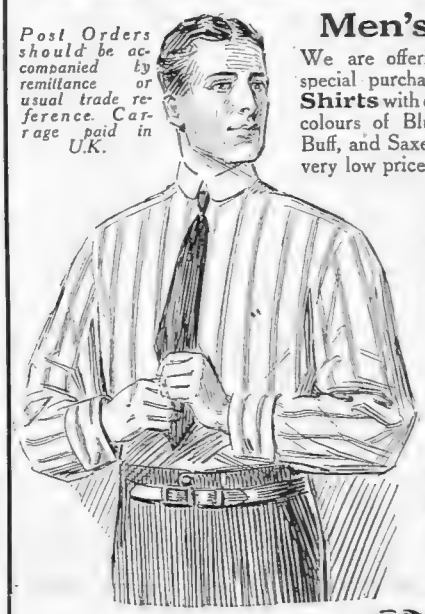
Lincoln Bennett

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON

Gorringes Winter Sale

To-day and throughout January

Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or usual trade reference. Carriage paid in U.K.



Men's Shirts

We are offering in our Sale a special purchase of Men's **Silk Shirts** with double cuffs, in plain colours of Blue, Champ, Helio, Buff, and Saxe, at the very low price of **21/9**

A strong Union Flannel SHIRT, winter weight, unshrinkable, in Helio, Blue, and Black Stripes. Sale Price **11/6**

A quantity of best All Wool SHIRTS, heavy weight, unshrinkable, in neat patterns. Sale Price **16/9**

Best fine Twist Cashmere SHIRTS, exceedingly soft, medium weight, in Black, Blue, Helio or Brown Stripes. Sale Price **24/9**

Men's Underwear

Natural Wool **UNDERWEAR**, medium weight, Theta make, unshrinkable. This is an exceptional bargain, and we guarantee every garment to give entire satisfaction.

Sale Prices.

VESTS, long or short sleeves **9/11**

LONG PANTS **10/9**

Extra outsizes, **2/-** extra each garment.

Also in Pure Scotch Wool, a yarn of medium weight, very elastic and unshrinkable; in Self Grey.

VESTS, long or short sleeves **13/6**

KNEE DRAWERS **14/3**

PANTS to match. **14/6**

In Natural Wool, Scotch make, light weight, very soft and elastic.

VESTS ... **13/6**

PANTS ... **14/6**

KNEE DRAWERS **14/3**

Men's Woollies

150 Men's CARDIGANS. A very special line in a heavy warm quality, delightfully soft. In Mid-Grey, Heather or Lovat mixtures. Sale Price **13/9**

Also 200 Natural Camel WOOLLIES, very soft and warm. Sale Price **19/11**

Also a number of best quality Scotch KNITS in plain colours, Canary, Grey, Brown, and Lovat. Sale Price **37/6**

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

The SCOTCH WHISKY supplied to all the ROYAL PALACES for over 70 Years

JOHN BEGG Ltd 64 WATERLOO St. GLASGOW 106 FENCHURCH St. LONDON E C 3

Woodville

NON-SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS (as sketch), With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS Without PARTING From 3 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 2 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £1 17 6

Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown & Black. Price 2 6 Bottle, Postage 4d. extra.

THE WOODVILLE CO.

(Late 119, REGENT STREET),

1, BERNERS ST. (3rd floor), OXFORD ST., W. 1.

(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

"Make beauty a duty."

Bristow's Georgian Soap

A Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

Sold in two sizes: Large Tablets, 1/3;
Extra Large Bath Tablets, 2/6;
In Boxes of Three Tablets, 2/6 and 5/-.

Georgian Shaving Soap
Price: 1/3 per Stick
"A soothed face, a smooth face all day & every day."

Obtainable of all High-class Chemists and Stores, including

J. Barker & Coy Ltd. — C.S.S.A. Ltd.
D.H.Evans & Co Ltd — Derry & Toms.
Hedges Chemists Ltd — Harrods Ltd.
Pontings — Lewis & Burrows Ltd.
Taylors Drug Stores — Selfridge & Co Ltd
Wm Whiteley Ltd

T. F. BRISTOW & Coy LTD
Established 1777
Clerkenwell, London.

PHOTO COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

(*Full particulars on page 58*)

Title of Photo.....

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Name.....

Address.....

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Cut this out and paste on back of photograph.

STOCKTAKING SALE

COMMENCES MONDAY, JAN. 8th, and continues for Twelve Days

MODEL FUR COATS, various rich furs, different designs, of which sketch in selected golden nutria with handsome sleeves of selected seal dyed musquash, worked to point at neck, lined with flame and gold silk, is an example.
Original Prices, 145 to 175 Gns.
SALE PRICE **89 Gns.**

35 SMART SEMI-EVENING FROCKS, all different designs, in good shades of rich quality materials, many handsomely embroidered, of which sketch in navy marocain embroidered in jet, is an example.
Original Prices, 18½ to 25 Gns
SALE PRICE **10½ Gns.**

25 MODEL SUITS in different designs and good quality materials, of which sketch, an exact copy of a Drecoll model, in gabardine with brocade sash, is an example.
Original Prices 18½ to 22 Gns.
SALE PRICE **13½ Gns.**

FUR-TRIMMED COAT in fine quality velour, an exact copy of a Paris model, cut with new cape sleeve and finished at collar and flounce with deep fur band to tone; lined silk throughout.
Original Price 10½ Gns.
SALE PRICE **6½ Gns.**

TEA FROCKS in rich quality velvet and georgette brocade, various designs, of which sketch caught at side with belt, cape effect at back, lined chiffon, is an example. In fashionable colours.
SALE PRICE **8½ Gns.**

SMART BLOUSE (as sketch) in good quality crepe de Chine, entirely hand made, the separate collar and long revers finished strappings. In Ivory, Black, Champagne, Flesh and Grey. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.
SALE PRICE **39/6**

350 KNITTED WOOLLEN COATS, in fleecy alpaca and cashmere wool, in self or contrasting colours, of which sketch in alpaca wool knitted in rib stitch with soft fleecy front is an example. Original Prices 63/- to 6 gns.
SALE PRICE **42/-**
Post Orders cannot be accepted.

300 KNITTED SKIRTS & JUMPERS in pure wool yarn, Skirt ribbed, Jumpers with contrasting stripes. In Sky/White, Rose/White, Primrose/White, Saxe/White, etc. Suitable for Girls from 3 to 11 years.
Actual Value, 30/- and 35/-
TO BE CLEARED AT **20/-**

PURE SILK MILANESE NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) perfect fitting, full length. In White, Pink Sky Mauve, Lemon.
SALE PRICE **49/6**
PURE SILK MILANESE VEST, daintily embroidered, 15/6.
KNICKERS to match, 17/6

Sale Catalogue Post Free.

PETTICOAT (as sketch) in thoroughly reliable wearing taffeta, smart well-cut shape, with an effective embroidered design at foot. In Black and a variety of attractive colours. Lengths 32, 34 and 35 inches.
SALE PRICE **21/9**

REMNANT DAYS, FRIDAY & SATURDAY

THE ABOVE GOODS CANNOT BE SENT ON APPROVAL.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,

(*Debenhams, Ltd.*)

WIGMORE ST. & WELBECK ST., LONDON, W.1

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

IN FAR PEKING

A History Class in The Peking (Christian) University studying Mr. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History"

reduced to 4*s.* 11*d.* the yard; an all-wool velour jacketing cloth, 54 inches, being purchasable at 3*s.* 11*d.* the yard; or an equally splendid investment is a chiffon taffeta in all the latest shades, double width, only 6*s.* 6*d.* the yard; a chiffon velveteen coming out at a like sale price. And on the aforesaid Fridays all remnants are marked half price.

Sale Time In Town

Genuine reductions in footwear are very welcome at this time of the year, and in the huge stocks which the London Shoe Company are placing in its New Year sales are to be found bargains to suit all pockets and occasions. At 262-264 Regent Street, are to be seen dainty brocade evening shoes reduced from 58*s.* 6*d.* to 25*s.* and 30*s.* the pair, while at the Sloane Street house of this firm, walking shoes and boots for men can be had at correspondingly reduced prices. All those who have experienced the comfort and durability of the famous "Elesco" models will be glad of this opportunity of acquiring any at prices below cost.

Harrods' Sale

After Christmas, existence from the feminine point of view at all events, is more or less plain "saleing," and most courses are steered towards that haven of shoppers, Harrods, whose famed one-week sale takes place from January 8 to 15. Reductions in every department are so remarkable that the only advice we can offer our readers is, once more, to Shop Early.

For Clever Needlewomen

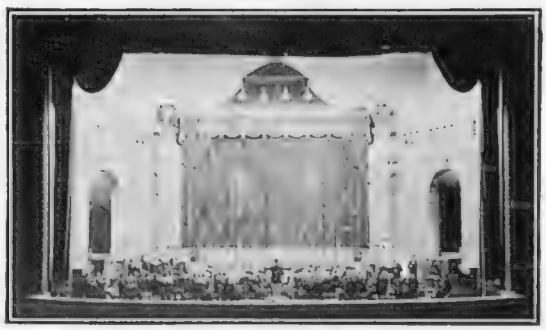
Clark's Anchor Mills, Paisley, Scotland, are organising a monster needlework competition with hundreds of prizes ranging in value from £30 to half-a-crown. There are fourteen sections, and a wide range of articles can be submitted, among which children's knitted frocks and embroidered tray-cloths are sure to attract many entries. All work for submission to the judges must be posted between February 1 and March 31, but intending competitors should get particulars from their drapers, or direct from the Anchor Mills, before entering.

For Winter Sports

Over four years of war experience proved conclusively that Fox's improved puttees were the driest, warmest, and most comfortable leg wear ever invented for man or woman. Their well-proved usefulness is of unusual interest just at the present moment when one's thoughts are turning lightly towards winter sports.

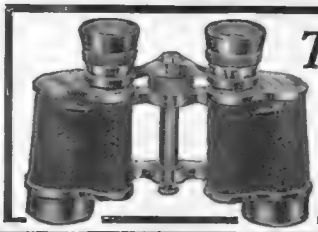
Letts' Diaries

A glance at a catalogue of Cassell's famous "Quikref" series shows that there are diaries for every one. And, so that there should be *nothing* lacking, there's a £2,000 accident insurance coupon in each!



IN A £2,000,000 THEATRE

The orchestra and stage-setting of the new Eastman Theatre, Rochester, U.S.A. This magnificent theatre, connected with the School of Music of the University of Rochester, is dedicated "to the enrichment of community life"



The Lumina Prism Binoculars

A GREAT opportunity to obtain a Prism Binocular as used by the Allied Armies at less than pre-war cost.

These Glasses have an object glass of 30mm. which is scientifically perfect and gives a bright and beautiful image of the object looked at that has not been equalled in any other glass.

THE "LUMINA"

Adjustable for width between the eyes, with central screw focussing and adjustable eyepiece. Magnification x 8.
Price complete with solid leather case and lanyard,

£5 - 15 - 0

Post, packing, and insurance free to any part of the World.
Money returned in full if not approved and sent back within five days.

Send for Illustrated Price List No. 12 B Post Free.

AITCHISON & CO. LTD.

Estd. 1880. *Opticians to British and Allied Governments,*

428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2,
281, Oxford St., W.C.1. 121, Cheapside, E.C.2.
Yorkshire Branch: 37, Bond Street, LEEDS.
Welsh Branch: 26, Castle Street, SWANSEA.

Trade Mark.

"GOVERNMENT MARK VI COMPASSES."
Less than one-third of pre-war price. Size 1¾ inches. Weight 1¾ ozs. Watch size, Nickel Case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading - - **4/6** *post free.*

WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces.
ESTABLISHED 1766.

Winter Sale
(Now Proceeding)
of Household Linens at Genuinely Reduced Prices

Typical examples of the Bargains offered in the Sale Catalogue.
— It will be sent Post Free. —

Bargain Lot 2.
100 Pairs Plain Hemmed Linen Sheets. Light strong quality. Single bed size only. 2 x 3 yards.
Usually 52/-
Clearing Price **37/6** Pair

Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 ins. inside hemstitching. Sale Prices, **6/3, 7/6, 8/6** each.

Napkins. No. 1.
120 doz. Pure Irish Linen Breakfast Napkins. Hemmed. Size 22 x 22 ins.
Clearing Price, **15/9** doz.

WALPOLE BROTHERS
(London) Ltd.
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W. 8.

WOOLLANDS

"Quality" Sale

SALE BOOK POST FREE.

TO-DAY

Only Woollands Exclusive Quality Bargains are offered.

The best at the lowest price.

Remnants Half-price Thursday.

V.95. — Very Charming Rough Felt Hat. In Beaver, Fawn and Grey, suitable for shooting and golf. Feather weight. Usual Price 35/9

Sale price 27/9

No. 3.—Dainty Jumper Slip made in the finest Shetland Wool. Very soft and warm. In White only.

Short sleeve, **10/9**

Long sleeve, **11/9**

HOSE BARGAIN.

H.68.—Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, reinforced with lisle feet and tops. In Black, White and 50 colours.

Sale price 7/11

Marvellous Value.

No. 1.—Ladies' fine Alpaca Wool Knickers, very soft, light and warm, recommended for travelling and sports wear, elastic at waist and knees. Colours: Emerald, Reseda, Rose, Grey, Fawn and Amethyst. All colours left in stock. Usual Price 3½ Gns.

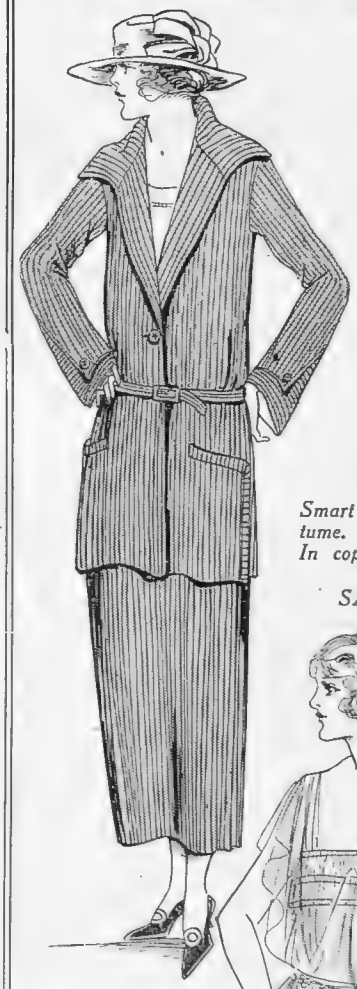
Reduced to 15/-

These cannot be repeated when present stock is sold.

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

GOOCHS

WINTER SALE



Now Proceeding

Gowns and Costumes in the latest styles, smart and becoming millinery, dainty feminine wear, all are now offered at drastic reductions in Goochs Sale this week.

Smart Corduroy Velveteen Costume. Lined throughout silk. In copper beech, and amethyst.

SALE **6½ Gns.**

A great variety of handsome French models in silk jersey, velvet, brocade, faille, marocain, reduced to one-twentieth of their original cost.

Special prices given in our making-up department during the Sale.

During the Sale no goods can be exchanged after purchase or sent on approval.

Only one example of the many exquisite Gooch Dance Frocks. In blue, cerise, mauve, and black.

SALE **5 Gns.**

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station - Knightsbridge. *Phone: Kens. 5100*

TWO NEW YEAR'S DINNERS

No I.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE *SARDINES À LA ROYALE
JULIENNE SOUP
BOILED TURBOT *SAUCE PIQUANTE
ROAST PHEASANTS FRIED POTATOES
PLUM PUDDING ALMOND SAUCE
SAVOURY *PRAWNS WITH CAVIARE
COFFEE DESSERT LIQUEURS

No. II.

CLEAR SOUP *FILLETS OF SOLE À L'ESPAGNOLE
ROAST GOOSE APPLE SAUCE
COMPOTE OF PEARS WITH WHIPPED CREAM
MERINGUES
SAVOURY *BENGAL TOASTS, OR PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS
COFFEE DESSERT LIQUEURS

Sardines à la Royale

THE sardines are served on shred lettuce, seasoned with oil and vinegar, and garnished with strips of beetroot, gherkins, and white of hard-boiled egg.

Sauce Piquante

Fry in 1 oz. of butter, one small onion, half a carrot and three mushrooms, all cut up small, fry till brown, then stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour (½ oz.), and half a pint of stock. Then add a bay leaf and one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Let it simmer for twenty minutes, add a pinch of salt, cayenne, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Strain through a sieve, heat up, and serve hot with the boiled turbot.

Prawns with Caviare

Fry in butter, to a light golden colour, the required number of rounds of bread about two inches in diameter. Put into a basin 2 ozs. of caviare, with half a shallot, finely chopped, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a pinch of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, and place a thin slice of lemon on each round of toast, and a teaspoonful of caviare on each. Place a shelled prawn on each side of every croûte and half a stoned olive in the centre. This savoury is served cold.

Fillets of Sole à l'Espagnole

Steam the fillets of sole for twenty minutes, drain off the liquid and keep the fish hot. Thicken the same with a roux by stirring 1 oz. of flour into ½ oz. of butter, season well, add a little milk, and two heaped tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour the sauce over the fillets and serve.

Bengal Toasts

Chop finely 2 ozs. of lean ham, and make it into a stiff paste with a little cream and a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Spread this on small rounds of fried toast, and sprinkle thickly on the top some Parmesan cheese. Bake till a light brown and serve hot.

EMILIA

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get his old crony a drink;
He brought from there, with a satisfied air,
A bottle of — *what do you think?*

Greer's
O.V.H
SCOTCH WHISKY

of course — See that you always have a supply handy

WM. GREER & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, GLASGOW.

London Office: 35, Trinity Square, E.C 3. P2

Sunday

Leaves none of the significant movements in the Political, Social and Sporting life of the country unnoticed.

Times

NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

HOW TO KILL AND PERMANENTLY DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To readers of "The Bystander."

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the War, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lampwick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papillæ may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of THE BYSTANDER cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a three-halfpenny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed envelope full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

K. B. FIRMIN
(Dept. 23 J), 193-197, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Hindes

HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs **2/6 the Flask.** Chemists & Stores everywhere, or direct—

HINDES LTD., 1, Tabernacle St., City, London.

HIMROD'S

ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years

Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.

O'COAT 35/-; SUIT 45/-; LADY'S COSTUME 50/-

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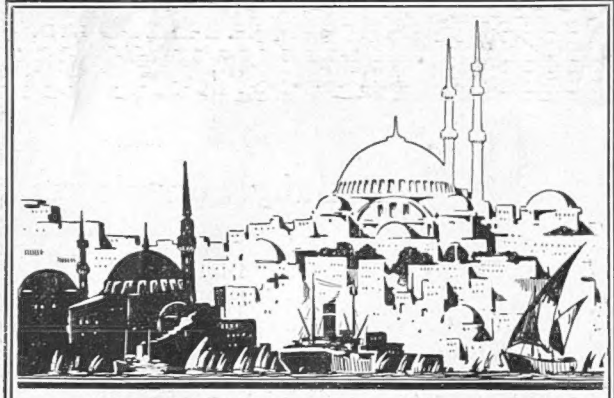

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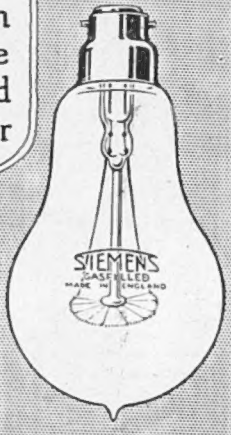

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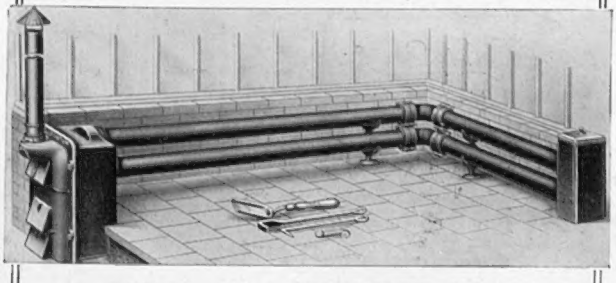

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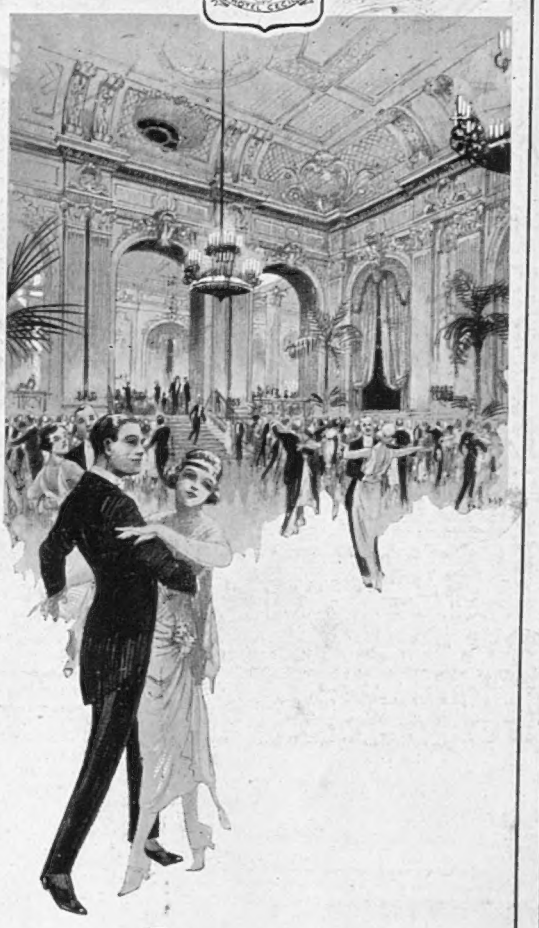

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